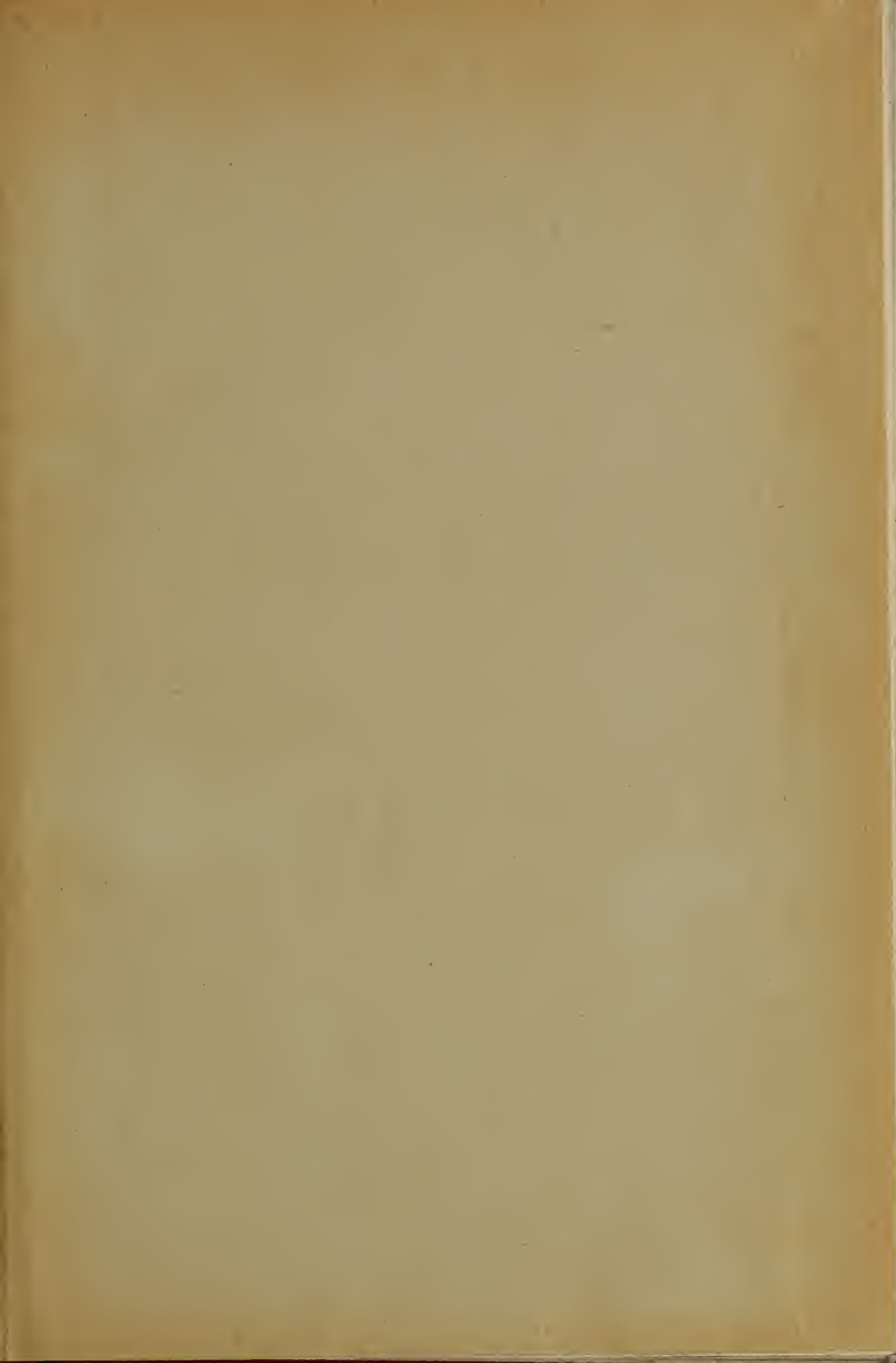






The LINK



April 1955

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1955

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Watch at the Corner

Matt Christopher

JIM was a bolt of speed as he ran down court near the right side-marker. A film of sweat glistened on the muscles of his arms and legs. He watched the basketball whip in short, horizontal passes between the maroon-and-white suiters and waited for it to come to him.

Then he saw Daniels slip a short pass to Keefe Parker, saw Keefe's body shoot up, his right hand pushing the ball against the backboard for a layup shot that seldom went wrong.

The blast of the horn tolled the end of the game, and Jim was aware of the crowd shouting the praises for Keefe. He looked at the tall forward to see his reaction toward all this hullabaloo. A faint smirk came to his lips, for Keefe was acting as if he didn't hear. His head was bowed, his face unsmiling, almost solemn. He wasn't looking at anyone.

Jim tore his gaze away, and hurried toward the basement door to get ahead of Keefe. He took it easy going down the cement stairway. When he entered the locker room the smell of soap and disinfectant, and the sound of water spraying in the shower room made him consider for a second how eager some of the boys were to get washed up and rush home, when earlier in the evening they'd been so eager to start playing.

"Nice game, Jim," sandy-haired Joe Wallace said. "How many points you make?"

"Around ten," replied Jim. He stopped in front of his locker and took off his suit.

"Keefe played a wonderful game," Nick Trusso said. "He must've scored about thirty points."

"Thirty-three," corrected Mike Stankowski. "That boy's going places in basketball. Heard he's got a scholarship to Franklin State next year."

"He has," Joe Wallace said. "You have too, haven't you, Jim?"

"No, sorry to say," Jim answered, and held his breath in his lungs. He reached for his towel and headed toward the showers. "I've got to pay my way."

The boys laughed.

"He sounded disgusted," one of them commented.

"Well, he wouldn't be exactly happy about it," another said. "After all, it takes a lot of dough to go to college. So with a scholarship, look what you're saving."

Keefe must have entered just then, for Jim could hear them greeting him. But he was already turning the chrome handle of the faucet. Now he was anxious to get washed, and get on home.

There was a car in the driveway with a New York license. At once Jim knew that his aunt and

uncle had come for a visit, and he managed a grin as he wondered how much sleep he was going to get tonight.

He stepped through the kitchen door, the smile on his face like a permanent fixture. He never would believe anything could bring a smile to his lips tonight. He was glad someone could and did. It drove away all thoughts connected with Keefe Parker.

"Hi, Aunt Syll!" he cried as he entered the living room where they were all sitting. "Hi, Uncle Carl, cousins Lennie, Jean, and Pam! How's everybody?"

"Well! Jim, my boy!" Uncle Carl got up and shook his hand. "You've grown like a stalk of corn. How'd you make out tonight?"

"We won, 63 to 41." Jim smiled. "Before you ask me. I'll tell you. I made ten points."

"What's wrong with ten?" Uncle Carl chortled. "I used to be lucky to get even two."

"Jim," his mother said, coming forward, "would you please go to the All-Nite Drugstore and get some ice-cream and ginger ale? I know the children . . ."

Uncle Carl raised his hand in

protest. "Now, listen here, Hattie, don't go to any trouble for us."

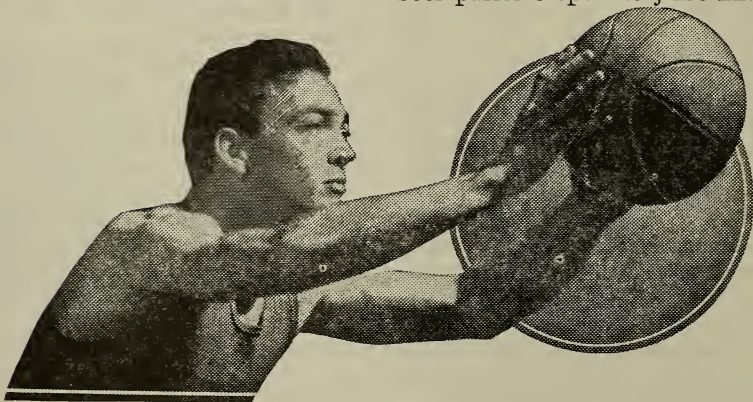
"Oh, shush," his sister said, waving him away. She handed Jim two one-dollar bills. "Don't listen to your uncle. Hurry, dear."

Jim laughed, took the money, and went out to his car. His father's car, really, but he had a license to drive, too. He drove downtown where the All-Nite Drugstore was located, made the purchases, then headed for home. He was within four blocks of home when he saw a familiar figure on the street. He recognized the hat with the slight tilt in front, the light gray topcoat, the brisk walk. It was Keefe Parker, walking on the right side and facing him, walking away from home, which was about six blocks behind him.

Jim's brows knitted. Suddenly he recalled the beer parlor on the corner he had just passed. Was Keefe going there?

He drove on by. He didn't slow up the car, just watched Keefe from the corner of his eyes. Keefe's eyes were on the walk in front of him. He didn't look up once.

Again the vulgar thought of the beer parlor crept into Jim's mind.



Yet where else would Keefe be going? And what else could account for the silent, strange way he'd been acting? Jim felt anxious to look back to see if it was the beer parlor where Keefe was going, but a tiny voice cautioned him. He wouldn't want to see Keefe go into the beer parlor. He didn't want to be the actual witness. He drove on home, realizing that once again his mind had been diverted to thoughts of Keefe Parker.

The next morning before classes began, Jim walked up alongside Joe Wallace in the third-floor corridor, muttered a greeting, then said:

"Who took Keefe home last night?"

Joe looked at him. "He, Nick, and I went with the coach. Why?"

"Did he drop you off before Keefe?"

"No." The light skin between Joe's sandy brows pinched in a frown. "He dropped off Keefe, then me, then took Nick home."

"Have you seen Keefe this morning yet?"

"Yes. Just a few minutes ago."

"How does he look?"

Joe shrugged wide shoulders. "Okay, I guess."

A couple of girls came down the hall. They spoke to the boys, went by. Jim saw that no one else was within earshot, so popped another question to Joe.

"Did you ever notice anything funny about Keefe?"

"Funny?" said Joe.

"Well, I mean strange . . . peculiar?"

Joe thought a moment. "He's quiet, that's all I can see. Never says much. Why?" He frowned.

"You think something's wrong with him? That's just his nature."

Jim didn't want to argue that.

"Joe, how about riding home with me after our next game?" he asked. "Maybe I might be able to show you something."

"Sure," Joe nodded.

Jim smiled. "Keep this talk under your hat, will you? It wouldn't be good if too many heard about it."

"You can depend on me, Jim."

"Thanks, Joe. I'll see you."

Jim waited for Joe Wallace at the base of the cement stairway after their next game.

"That Keefe did it again," Joe said, as he met Jim and started to climb the stairs with him. "Thirty-nine points! And he doesn't bat an eye. I'd be grinning like a cat and dating all the girls if it was me."

"That's what I say," said Jim. "Keefe's different."

"I don't know what's wrong with me," said Joe sourly. "I just couldn't make 'em tonight. And that ref. Did you see that tek he called on me? He's nuts!"

They went outside. It was a cold night. The stars were brilliant, the moon a thin, tilting crescent. Joe snapped the buttons of his leather jacket. Jim pulled his collar up around his ears. They got into the car; Jim started it; and they drove off.

"You've got a few minutes, haven't you?" Jim said.

"Sure," said Joe.

Jim drove moderately through the streets. Finally he pulled up close to the curb, and turned off the lights. He left the ignition on to keep the heater working.

They weren't far from an inter-

TO MY DENTIST

I dreamed a dream of sweet revenge
With you my victim, Doc.

I put you in a swivel chair
And aimed you at the clock,
I filled your mouth with cotton
clamps,

And also my forefinger;
And while I worked I'm telling you
I let that finger linger!

I asked you, "Do you think the
world

Is headed for disaster?"

You said, "Ah shink he heeg hoogay,

Ish geeey, googy hashker!"

"You will agree, I'm sure," I said,

"That women are superior."

You gripped the chair and staunchly
cried,

"Ung gur hay hoo gungerior!"

"Tell me now," I begged of you,

"What think you of our taxes?"

You jerked and gagged and cried
aloud,

"Ick geeey, googy hackess!"

I raised my eyebrows at the nurse,

Yanked the conglomeration;

I stood you up, and bowed, and
smirked,

"What brilliant conversation!"

—LILA SHEPPARD

section. Diagonally across from them was the beer parlor with its green neon lights and thick colored glass above the doorway. There were men inside.

"What are we waiting here for?" Joe asked.

"You'll see," Jim said. "If he's coming, he should be here pretty soon."

"If who's coming?"

"Keefe."

"Keefe Parker?" Joe's voice rose surprisedly.

"Yes."

Presently the sound of leather heels clicked on the sidewalk. The sound drew closer. Then Jim saw the dark, coated figure of Keefe

Parker as he approached the corner from the other street. His head was bowed, his collar drawn up around his ears.

"Well, I'll bel" Joe declared. "Where's he going?"

"Just watch," said Jim. "That's what I wanted you to see."

Keefe came abreast the beer parlor. *But he didn't go in.* He went around the corner and down the street.

Jim's heart raced. His eyes widened as he cautiously followed Keefe's departing figure in the car. His mind spun. What could he tell Joe? How was he going to explain this?

Then Keefe turned left. He walked up a flight of steps, and Jim's eyes popped. At the same time Joe saw, too, and Joe said: "So that's where he goes! To church! Can you beat that!"

Jim watched Keefe's figure fade through the door of the church.

"No," he said softly. "No, I can't."

He shoved in the clutch, and let the car coast. "Mind if we stopped in a minute, too, Joe?"

"Not at all," Joe said. "It'll probably do me good."

"I know it will me," Jim said.

He drove the car to the next block, parked it, then walked into the building with Joe Wallace. Only four lights, two on each side, were lit, but it was enough to see. Jim saw Keefe Parker sitting in one of the pews, his bare head bowed in prayer.

Jim moved into a rear pew, sat down, and Joe sat with him. He wouldn't ever tell Joe, or even Keefe, but he could tell God.

He could tell him that he was sorry he had misjudged Keefe.

A Frenchman Had a Dream

Vincent Edwards

ONE might like to have been aboard a certain ship that came up New York Harbor in 1871. Like so many vessels that followed that same path in those days, it was loaded with immigrants, people from Europe who planned to settle in the New World.

But this boat had a dreamer on board. The solemn hush that the first sight of America drew from the huddled throngs on deck did not escape the notice of Frederick Auguste Bartholdi. Then and there the imagination of the French sculptor was fired with a vision. He saw clearly in his mind a majestic figure rising from that harbor as a symbol of freedom and safe haven. Thus the idea of a great statue, "Liberty Enlightening the World," was born.

At the time, Monsieur Bartholdi was fleeing from political persecution in his own country. The disorders of the Commune in Paris made it impossible for the sculptor to carry on his work in his own studio.

But the first day after his return to France, when his country had recovered from its unrest, he set about turning his dream into a



reality. He talked to a wide group of prominent Frenchmen, and they were so impressed that they gladly lent their names to the project. In their fine frock coats many came to Bartholdi's studio to talk over the scheme, and a sponsoring society, the Franco-American Union, was formed to raise the money. Important as their assistance was, the statue would never have taken shape if it had not been for the contributions of France's humbler citizens.

One of the first things the sculptor did was make a model. Carrying out his original idea of a queenly figure holding a torch high in the sky, he elaborated it with a tablet representing the Declaration of Independence be-

ing carried in the woman's hand, and a piece of broken chain by her foot.

From that small model a large one was fashioned, and this was taken all over France in a great money-raising campaign. It was astonishing how freely the French people responded. Somehow the whole idea caught hold of their imagination and stirred them to lend a hand. It wasn't just rich tradesmen with banknotes, but thousands of school children and struggling farmers who dug up *sous* and *centimes* for the gift to the Great Republic across the Atlantic. Altogether, by the time it was completed, the statue was to cost \$400,000, a truly staggering sum for those times. Every penny of it came from the citizens of France.

Monsieur Bartholdi was now assured of enough funds to go ahead and build the special studio he would need to make a statue 152 feet high. A call also went for plasterers, metal-workers, and carpenters, since such a project required a veritable army.

Stone was out of the question when it came to the statue's composition. It could never be lifted to so great a height, and, besides, it was too heavy to ship across the ocean. Bartholdi had a better idea. Somewhere he had read of the Italian sculptor who fashioned a colossal figure by building a framework of iron and then covering it with hammered sheets of copper. That was how he proposed to make his Statue of Liberty.

The working-out of this idea called for the most detailed planning. The full-size model had to

be built in sections with exact specifications from a complete figure, one-fourth the size. The carpenters made wooden frameworks first, and then these were covered with plaster. It was a slow, tedious job, requiring infinite patience; for no sooner were the plaster models finished than the carpenters had to begin all over again and fit them with wooden molds.

Every projection, depression, and curve had to be fitted, since these molds were used for beating and pressing the copper sheets into shape. Some idea of the bewildering immensity of Monsieur Bartholdi's task can be gathered from the very number. There were over three hundred copper plates in all, no two alike.

The sculptor had been hard at work for five years when he learned that Americans were holding an important exposition to celebrate one hundred years of independence. Quickly he got his workmen to put together the copper plates forming the hand with the torch, and this he sent over as an exhibit to the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. The following year the United States Congress formally accepted the proposed statue as a gift from the French nation.

But Monsieur Bartholdi still had a long way to go. There were times when money ran low, even to the vanishing point. To keep his artisans steadily employed he even pledged his own fortune as security.

In the U.S.A., too, interest lagged. Bedloe's Island, a point in the very center of New York Harbor, had been chosen as the

proper location, and work had actually been started on the pedestal, but then came to a complete halt for lack of funds. It was nearly two years before it could be resumed and carried through to completion.

At last Auguste Bartholdi was able to make definite plans for the statue's erection. In June, 1885, the copper sheets were packed in 210 crates and loaded on board the steamship *Isere* bound for New York. The iron framework which had been designed by Monsieur Alexandre Gustave Eiffel—the same engineer who was later to build the Eiffel Tower in Paris—was also loaded. But it was not until October 28, 1886, that pedestal and statue stood in place and ready for the dedication ceremonies.

What a great day that was! President Cleveland was there with members of the Cabinet, and so was Ferdinand de Lesseps, the builder of the Suez Canal. There was an impressive parade down

Fifth Avenue and a thrilling naval review in New York Harbor. But the center of all eyes was the sculptor who had labored so tirelessly on an idea. Monsieur Bartholdi had seen his dream come true.

Today it is rather difficult to conjure up in imagination those ceremonies of nearly seventy years ago. The important people who participated have long since passed from the scene. President Cleveland is gone; so is Ferdinand de Lesseps; even Monsieur Bartholdi, the hero of the hour.

Yet one thing remains. The Statue of Liberty is still standing. Rising at the gateway of America, the sight of it has never failed to stir men with hope. To those who have known what it means to live in countries where there is relentless tyranny and oppression, it symbolizes this nation's greatest contribution to modern civilization. Monsieur Bartholdi's majestic figure stands for American democracy and freedom.

What's Buzzin'

Speaking of figures, we've discovered that it takes a full six weeks or more for THE LINK to travel from the printer in Nashville, Tennessee, U.S.A., to the farthest bases in Asia, Greenland, and the Pacific isles. Some copies have been arriving late. In order to solve this, we have moved our whole publishing schedule up two full weeks beginning with this April issue. This means that the magazine will now go to press fifteen weeks ahead of publication date. As you read this we'll be working on the August number; in the heat of Washington's August we'll be doing the Christmas issue. Let us know if they still don't arrive on time.



NED DAVENPORT

"NOW MEN!"

The Colonel was more crotchety than usual at this informal officer's call. He'd gotten past the routine of how deep the ditch would be on a new infiltration course and was getting to something that seemed to weigh more heavily on his mind. "A grave situation has been brought to my attention by General Miller, which will certainly have to be remedied. On his last inspection the general found reason to deplore the condition of the various company areas in the present command. 'Sloppy and unkempt,' he said. This condition will be corrected immediately! Men, that's all. Dismissed."

Lt. Tom Franklin, commanding Company "A," walked out with me. "I don't see how the old man expects us to improve our areas," he grumbled. "We can't requisition gravel or grass seed, or

shrubs to fix up our little homesites. Ha! He wants us to be pretty—with what?"

I didn't know. I hadn't thought about it. I'd gotten my commission in the field in Korea, but before that, all I'd been told about improving an area was, "If it ain't growin,' pick it up." My elbows and posterior had been in the air all through my basic training, and all through my combat experience they'd been reversed, so I was thoroughly confused.

The confusion continued as I sat at my desk and looked over the records of the men who'd just been assigned to "C" Company that morning. There was Pedro Gonzales, who'd been an expert riveter on heavy metals in civilian life. The army made him a cook. I couldn't help thinking what his biscuits might be like. I remembered the man who'd

owned and operated a chain of bakeries, and the army made him a heavy maintenance man. I reflected on my good fortune that I was invited out to dinner about three times a week by the Colonel's lovely daughter, Pamela, to whom I was unofficially engaged.

The next service record in the file had no definite assignment attached. One Sam Tremellan, seven months AWOL, having voluntarily surrendered and served his sentence as adjudged by the court martial, was now assigned to my company for general duty. There was a note from my orderly that Tremellan had requested to serve with me personally. I yelled to my orderly to bring in Tremellan.

He appeared before me, and saluted with the snappy casualness that marks an old soldier. "Private Tremellan requests an interview, sir."

"At ease, Tremellan." I looked at his service record. There was everything in it from New Guinea to Tokyo for World War II, and a good sizable slice of Korea after that.

"Are you a retread, Tremellan?"

"Yes, sir, and that's what I wanted to talk to you about. While I was on le—er, vacation, I worked as a landscape engineer—that's a gardener, sir—and I've noticed that the company areas in this battalion are as bare as a pool table at midnight. I was wondering if you would speak to the Colonel to get me assigned to beautify the area."

"Tremellan, I don't care about the Colonel's area, but our area has got to be taken care of. The

general has mentioned the sloppy and unkempt condition of our areas, and the Colonel in turn has been riding—I mean, has mentioned it to all company commanders. If you think you can do something about improving our area, I'll assign you to that duty."

"Very well, I'll put you on block when it comes to this kind of work, Lieutenant Foster. I got green thumbs—and sticky fingers. I know I can do lots for the place."

"But, Tremellan, we can't requisition the things we need, like grass seed, gravel, shrubs, trees. All I can give you is whitewash for the stones."

"That's fine for a starter. Keep yourself at ease, Lieutenant. I'll make out, and if I don't, you can get yourself a new boy."

"Very well, I'll put you on company orders for that duty."

He saluted smartly and walked out, leaving me dubious.

A week later, however, as the company marched in from a three-day routine bivouac, I felt certain I was in the wrong area. Beautifully whitewashed stones outlined smoothly graveled walks leading to most of the barracks. There were neat little signs ("Stay off the grass") doing sentry duty on every piece of land that could conceivably be visualized as a lawn. Sprinklers were idly turning, dispensing water in a relaxedly efficient way. In front of the orderly room windows Tremellan was on his knees, industriously planting little green things.

I walked up behind him. "What are those, Tremellan?"

"Petunias, Lieutenant," he said.

"Well, what do all those signs mean, 'Stay off the grass'?"

"It's all been seeded, Lieutenant Foster, and if these knotheads don't keep off it, it won't never grow. Sir, do you think you could get me some string so I could make a fence around it?"

"Just go to supply, Tremellan, and draw what you need," I told him a little dazed.

At that moment the orderly called me to the telephone. It was Pamela, and after a few minutes of talking with her I naturally forgot all about the landscape. That night at dinner with Pamela and the Colonel, he mentioned noticing improvement in my area. I told him I had a retread who'd been a gardener and seemed to have a knack for that sort of thing.

Kiddingly, he threatened to have Sam Tremellan reassigned over to regimental headquarters. "You know that General Miller and I are in friendly competition with our roses. He has a Frau Carl Drosky that he has been pulling rank about, over my Yorks and Lancasters. If your man could find out what kind of mulch he's using, I'd consider it a personal favor."

I assured the Colonel I'd have Sam look into it at the first opportunity, and then promptly let it slip my mind in Pamela's charming company.

The next morning there was a great clattering and clanking outside the orderly room. Sam was wheeling in a lawnmower. Clearly stenciled on it was "21st Bn—Co. A—168 Inf." As I looked at it in horror Sam said, "It's all right, Lieutenant. I just want to leave

it here while I get some paint. What color do you like?"

"Tremellan, do you know what you're doing?"

"Begging your pardon, Lieutenant, relax. I've stood at attention longer than you've been in the Army, sir. Would the Lieutenant assign two men to help me, please? I've got to plant a lot of roses today."

"Tell Corporal Johnson you need two men to help you," I said, afraid to ask where the roses were coming from.

Next day there was an impressive little rose garden under the windows of my office. As I looked at it in wonder, Sam came up and said, "With the Lieutenant's permission, I'd like to put gravel on that parking space. The rains'll be here pretty soon, and it'll be pretty muddy. Can I use the company truck?"

"The engineers are the only ones that have any gravel, Tremellan. We can't requisition any."

"I know that, sir."



-GHWHITE-

"Sir, I wish to report an accident at the ammunition dump!"

"And I don't want to hear of you sweeping it up with a broom and dustpan from the Colonel's area, as I learned you did before."

"Oh, I won't, sir. But fixing that space is a good idea?"

"Indeed it is, Tremellan. But I want to ask you something. Where'd you get those roses?"

"Well, I found a place that seemed pretty overrun to me. The little bushes were crowding the big ones, so I thinned it out. Looks a lot better now."

With a sinking feeling I asked, "That wouldn't be the Colonel's rose garden?"

Sam looked convincingly innocent. "Didn't know he had one, sir."

"Oh, yes. He and the General are in competition with their roses. The General has a Frau Carl Drosky—whatever that is—that he keeps pulling rank on the Colonel with."

"Oh, that's a pretty rose." Sam got dreamy. "Those are them big white ones, Lieutenant."

"Look, Tremellan," I had to get stern, "just don't take any more roses from the Colonel. If he finds out, it's apt to ruin me with his daughter."

"Sure, Lieutenant. I didn't know it was that way. I won't touch another one of his roses."

I passed by the office on my way to the rifle range next day, and noticed that the parking space had been all neatly graveled, and the last walk had been filled in.

The road to the rifle range had been under repair for some time, and this morning it was neatly blocked by a curious little knot of men from the engineers, leaning

on their shovels and studying a large wet spot near the side of the road. I pulled up and inquired if anything was wrong.

The corporal in charge of the detail walked over.

"I don't know, Lieutenant," he said, scratching his head, "but there was a big pile of gravel here last night."

Another of the group put in, "I keep telling you, Corporal, three guys with a truck loaded it this morning and took it further down the road."

The corporal turned on him. "But I keep telling you, Private, that there isn't supposed to be any further down the road."

When I got back to my area I noticed our company truck was parked in its usual place, with just a little gravel left on the floor of the box.

Walking into the orderly room I told the orderly casually, "Have a detail police up the truck."

"Yes, sir. Right away, sir."

Breathing a sigh of relief, I went into my office to find the phone ringing constantly.

It was the Colonel, and he was sputtering. The first coherent thing I heard was, "Lieutenant Foster, I'll give you just three minutes to get my tree back here!"

"But Colonel, I haven't got your tree."

"Yes, you have! Three of your men were seen taking it away in a wheelbarrow!"

"There must be some mistake," I said, as I swiveled around in my chair and looked out the window—just in time to see the branches of a good-sized maple tree go floating past. I stood up to get a better look, and there, sure

enough, was Tremellan pushing the wheelbarrow, with his two helpers steadying the arboreal beauty.

Into the phone I said quickly, "Yes, sir, certainly, sir, it'll be right back. Right away, sir. Thank you, sir. Goodbye, sir."

Throwing back the window I yelled, "Tremellan! Put it back!"

Without stopping the three horticulturists swung in a half circle and retraced their steps back toward the Colonel's area.

"And Tremellan," I called after him, "report to me as soon as you've finished."

He was back in a short time. "Private Tremellan reporting."

"Tremellan," I said, more in sorrow than in anger, "I'm afraid the Colonel is really sore at us this time. You may have spoiled everything between his daughter and me."

"Aw, Lieutenant, I put it back right in the spot where it was." Then he added placatingly, "And it's a lot straighter now."

"Well," I sighed, "I'll have to give you some other duty, Tremellan. Much as I've enjoyed the improvements, there's such a thing as going too far. I don't know how I can ever get squared with the Colonel."

"Would the Lieutenant permit me to continue this duty for the rest of the day, sir? There's just one little detail I want to take care of."

"All right, Tremellan, carry on for the rest of today. I'll get you reassigned tomorrow."

Next day the General arrived with his inspection party and complimented me on the condition of Company "C" area. The grass was

growing nicely, the roses had started blooming, and the gravel had settled down to a nice even texture. I accompanied the party for the rest of the inspection, glowing from the praise for my own area. No one else's looked anything like it.

But the colonel got a compliment, too, much to his surprise. There, prominently in the middle of his rose garden, was a beautiful full-flowering Frau Carl Drosky.

"There's only been one like it," beamed the General. "The one in my garden."

Now I knew what the detail was that Tremellan had to attend yesterday. He'd transplanted the Frau Carl Drosky to mollify the colonel. But wait till the general inspected his own garden!

An hour later, back in my office, the call came that I was fearing. It was the General. "Lieutenant Foster," he boomed over the phone, "I want you to send that gardener of yours up here immediately!"

"Yes sir," I said weakly. "Right away, sir. But please don't be too harsh with him."

"Harsh?" he roared. "The man's a genius. I want you to detail him to me, for personal duty, to tend my rose garden."

"But, sir," I said, "speaking of roses, aren't you angry about the Frau Carl Drosky?"

"Angry?" He laughed jovially. "Good joke, that switch your man made. I just found a Black Prince in my garden that'll be a real prize winner. Send me up that gardener with the green thumbs; with him on my side the Colonel doesn't stand a chance!"

The

Magic

of

Numbers

SITTING on their haunches, our ancestors kept count of their herds by notching a stick or scratching a stone. Numbers, however, weren't actually born until primitive people invented a word for "alone" or "oneness," as separate from the mass. Next, since most human things tend to live in pairs, the word for "marriage" also came to mean "two."

Discovery of the hands and feet as a natural adding machine resulted in the birth of actual arithmetic and, incidentally, caused other numbers to be invented.

Roman numerals originated as vertical strokes, with the symbol for five, "V," indicating the joint made by the thumb and the first finger. The lowest Hindu-Arabic numerals were originally horizontal strokes, = and =, which, written cursively, became 2 and 3.

The oldest system of counting was based on the five fingers of one hand. Our decimal system is, of course, based on two hands. Oddly enough, a system of counting by 20 is still preferred in scattered parts of the world. In fact, among Bantu tribes in Africa and among the Eskimos, such expressions as "one person," or "my

hands, my feet" means 20.

The first fully developed system of counting was based on the number 60. It enabled the ancient Babylonians to make the first great discoveries in engineering and astronomy. Traces of this system are still evident in the way the space is divided into 360 degrees and the hour into 60 minutes.

For many centuries in western Europe, a system based on 120 was used. In Medieval England, the word "hundred" really meant 120. There are 12 pence in the British shilling, and we are still in the habit of buying things by the dozen.

Zero, as a number, was unknown in the West until the ninth century. Then, with the importation of Hindu-Arabic figures and the

0 symbol, our decimal system of counting was finally adopted, and only then did various branches of mathematics really 'begin to develop.

One strange development was numerology or number symbolism. Countless great men of science, from Pythagoras and Plato on down, have believed in the occult use of numbers as the key to events and the unseen world.

In the world of the numerologist, the number 1 always means unity. Two stands for diversity and marriage. And 3 has never lost its original meaning of "all." Alone among numbers, 3 has a beginning, middle, and an end. Three is therefore mystical and holy.

The trident or triple thunderbolt have often symbolized greatness, and even the Christian Trinity testifies to this meaning. Folk tales of all nations abound in 3 wishes, 3 suitors, 3 tries, etc. Even baseball allows the batter only 3 strikes—there's no reason to prolong the issue if 3 means "all."

Four has always represented the earth, from the 4 cardinal directions. Four also signifies justice—a man is judged to be "on the square," a traditional concept.

Six represents perfection, since it is a perfect number, being equal to the sum of its divisors smaller than itself: $6=1+2+3$. For the numerologist, this meaning is confirmed by the 6 days of the creation in Genesis.

Seven, now considered to be a lucky number by most people, was thought by the Babylonians to be a sign of evil. But gradually 7

lost its bad reputation. Shakespeare spoke of the 7 ages of man, and 7 came to represent, a *time*, and a lucky time, at that.

The number 10, being a complete cycle, has meant finality, completeness. And 9, therefore, has meant "all-but-complete." Nine is also considered indestructible, since whatever number it is multiplied by, the product still adds up to 9. For example, $9 \times 3 = 27$ and $2+7=9$.

By assigning numbers to letters, words, and days of the weeks, numerologists have made the most startling speculations; like the case of the man who tried to numerologize stock market prices during the 1920's—and suffered the consequences.

But, be that as it may, modern business and science, as well as numerology, depend on the accurate use of numbers. Mathematics has advanced so fast, only mechanical methods of computation can keep up. Such primitive devices as the abacus and the counter reckoner have long since gone into the museums.

The first calculating machine was invented in 1642. Though vastly improved since then, all adding machines operate on the same principles.

In the year 1874 a Swedish engineer by the name of Odhner discovered the principle of the pinwheel mechanism. He devoted fifteen years to the perfection of his invention, which proved epochal in the calculating machine art as its principal was widely adapted. This calculator was manufactured in his plant in St. Petersburg until the Russian Revolution in 1918.

His operations were then transferred to Sweden, and the Odhner factory later was merged with the industrial giant, A. B. Atvidabergs Industrier, which was by this time well established in the office equipment field with one of the first typewriters on the market, the Halda.

The Odhner factory engineered one of the first 10-key adding machines, based on the principles of Sunstrand, another famous Swede, as was Friden, inventor of the famous calculator carrying his name. The Odhner factory later designed the first adding machine which was completely electric.

But the mastery of numbers doesn't end here. In 1923, another line of calculating machines called Facit was developed by the same company, the only calculating machine in the world which performs fast and accurate multiplica-

tion, division, addition, and subtraction on just ten keys.

By 1938 Atvidabergs was the world's largest exporter of calculators. Today the company distributes its calculators, adding machines, and typewriters to 102 countries, including the United States, through Facit, Inc.

The concept of a 10-key calculator not much bigger than an ordinary desk telephone is relatively new to the American market, but interest has grown at a rapid rate in the few short years it has been available here.

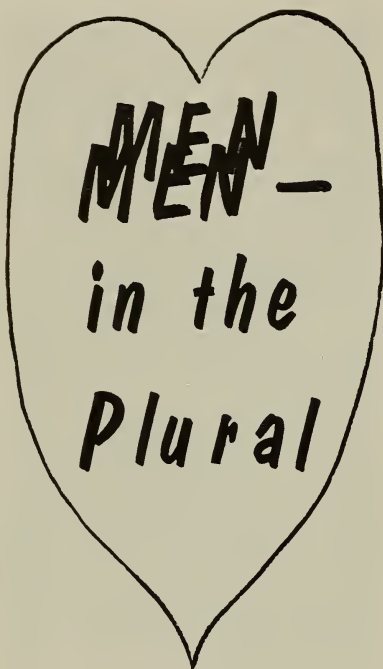
A system of counting and calculating by numbers has come a long way over the hundreds of years since the notching of sticks and scratching of stones. The magic of numbers has played a major role in development of the modern man and today's high standard of living.

What's Buzzin'

You'll find a different model of Bible studies in the United Fellowship section this month. We wanted a method that would study the Bible book by book. We needed a type of study that would be adaptable for both individuals and groups. We felt that it was best if we presented the great themes of each book we studied. After consultation, this new scheme was worked out, and we asked Dr. J. Carter Swaim, a Presbyterian minister who just last fall gave up a professorship at Western Seminary in Pittsburgh to become the head of the Department of English Bible of the National Council of Churches, to write this experimental series for us.

You will need your Bible at hand whenever you study or discuss this series; for the lessons are filled with passages to be looked up and compared. We would suggest that each person make a real effort to read the book of Colossians over at least once a week during the five weeks of the series.

Your reaction and suggestions will help us greatly in deciding how to proceed in the months ahead. Let us hear from you.



Robert A. Elfers

Milli Chesterton says caves are despicable. She and Billy and Doc tried to explore one once, during a wintry day in March, and it betrayed her. The three of them had . . .

No, that will never do. Without knowing Milli, no one can hope to understand what she and her two young men were doing on a spelunking expedition. Without knowing Milli, the whole affair doesn't make sense under any circumstances, but knowing Milli helps.

To begin with, Milli is a dish. She's so beautiful that nobody

looks at her and whistles. Her hair is like gold in the sunlight. The spring sky lives in her blue eyes. As tall as tall should be, graceful as a willow in the wind. It takes poetry to talk about Milli.

Milli likes poetry—the kind that doesn't rhyme. She has a good mind, but it's a mind of her own. For example, she's enthusiastic about music, but only when it's played on a harpsichord. She's feminine, gentle, and sweet-natured, but she's never given up trying to chin herself with one hand.

Men don't interest Milli very much. Not men, in the plural. But *a* man—one individual who will talk to her, listen to her, be true to her, and want to marry her when school is over—that man intrigues Milli. That's the trouble. She wants only one, but she's had two: Billy Halliday and Doc Waterson. She's had them ever since the three of them started going to Martin College.

It didn't take long for Milli, being the sort of girl she is, to make up her mind that she had to decide between Billy and Doc. Being the sort of girl she is, she devised a test, a sort of trial by fire, for the two of them. She wanted something that would lay bare the worth of each man's character. That's why, on the rawest day in March, she enticed Billy and Doc to go on a spelunking expedition.

She picked up Billy first at his fraternity house.

"You're crazy," he told her fondly as he sat down next to her in the Healey. (Milli's father was in the publishing business, and rich. Since his daughter baffled

him, he tried to bury his befuddlement by giving her expensive gifts. Hence the sport car.)

"Are you dressed warmly?" she asked Billy.

"What gives?" he said, ignoring her question. They traveled a hundred yards and stopped in front of the men's dormitory.

She thumbed the horn. "Oh," she said, "Doc Watterson is going with us."

"You're crazy," he said again, uneasily.

Doc came striding out of the dormitory, his pace slowing as he saw who was with Milli.

"Hello, Doc," she said gaily. "You two haven't met, have you? Doc, this is Billy Halliday. Billy, Doc Watterson."

"Hi."

"Hi."

The two of them shook hands as if they were standing in a ring, wearing six-ounce gloves.

Milli radiated a smile at them and tucked an errant gold curl under her green kerchief. "Well, let's go," she said. "Billy, will you move over and let Doc get in?" There was an awkward moment. "Billy, please move over!"

Billy shifted his bulk a few inches closer to Milli, and Doc was able to shoehorn into the seat. The two young men regarded each



other coolly until Milli snapped their heads back with a jackrabbit start.

They'd never met before, all right—by unspoken agreement. This indicated something of their worthiness for Milli, for both were young men of considerable physical substance and it required no little ingenuity to keep out of one another's way. Fortunately, Doc was taking a premed course and Billy was studying engineering; their scholastic requirements helped keep them separate.

They were, however, fully aware of each other's place in Milli's life. They couldn't very well help it. Billy, after taking Milli skiing on a Saturday afternoon, would have to hurry her back so she could go out with Doc in the evening. Doc would escort Milli to chapel in the morning and Billy, carefully avoiding them then, would accompany her on a long walk in the afternoon.

Eventually, Milli began to feel the strain. Without thinking, she would find herself talking about psychosomatic medicine with Billy and about I-beams and channel irons with Doc. She became even more convinced of the wisdom of avoiding men, in the plural.



The choice she felt she had to make was not an easy one. Freshman though they were, Billy and Doc were marked for campus glory. The football coach measured their heavy shoulders with enraptured eyes. Their professors were heartened at their serious scholarship. The other men students assessed their height and resolute jaws respectfully. The girls . . . well, why go on?

Two young men of such heroic proportions are natural opponents. And it so happened for Doc and Billy that of all the campus activities in which they might be expected to compete, the first goal was the winning of Milli's favor. And because it was their first engagement, so to speak, each of them sensed the importance of victory. But Milli was not going to let the boys decide for themselves who was to have her.

"It's a glorious day, isn't it?" she cried over the rush of wind about the little sports car.

Billy's and Doc's eyes swept up to regard the sky through the racing patterns of scraggly treetops. It reminded Doc of the color of the big zinc sink in the chemistry lab. Billy wondered if there was going to be a blizzard.

"Have either of you ever been to The Caves?"

They shouted that they hadn't.

"Neither have I." She looked at them deliberately. "I understand they're quite dangerous."

"Keep your eyes on the road!" Doc bellowed.

"It's beginning to snow!" Billy yelled.

The swift little car hurried along the black-top road that lead toward the distant line of hills.

The snow blew out of the sky and swirled over the road.

"Put up the top," called Doc, raising his jacket collar higher around his neck.

"No use. It's got a big rip in it." Milli had hoped one of them would ask. Breezing along in a snow storm with no top was an introduction to the test.

"How about the heater?" Billy demanded hoarsely. He had his gloved hands tucked under his arms.

"Won't work. Broken," she shouted happily.

Twenty minutes later, she pulled off the road and parked beneath a forbidding hillside that climbed straight up. Billy and Doc stamped cold feet and swung brittle arms as she burrowed behind the seats for the knapsack. She gave it to Doc to carry before they could argue over it.

"Let's go," she commanded.

They tugged and twisted their way over the rocks and around jutting pine trees and up the slope. Once Milli heard Billy call to her, "Hey, wait a minute."

She turned and saw him jerking to free Doc's knapsack, which had caught on a broken limb. When he got the bag loose, Doc told him, "Thanks," gruffly. Milli's lovely blue eyes narrowed.

At the top they rested, blowing hard but warmed by the climb. They were perched on a great shelf of rock, looking over a broad valley of snow-sheeted fields and naked trees. The shelf itself was an awesome table of limestone, clustered with timid trees and shrubs, and split into giant clefts by some ancient natural explosion of heat or cold.

"Those are The Caves," Milli said, pointing. "Those big cracks. I recognize them from some photos in the geology lab."

Billy and Doc were mildly interested. It had been a hard climb, and both of them were aware that breakfast was several hours in the past. Doc moved his shoulders under the knapsack's straps, a worried look on his face. The canvas bag didn't seem very heavy; he hoped Milli had packed a substantial lunch.

Billy saw him do it. "Getting heavy for you?" he suggested hopefully.

"Nah," said Doc, and grinned at Milli.

Billy, rebuffed, took the lead, and they picked their way along the edges of the crevices until they found one that seemed to pierce into the rock.

"Oh, this is fine!" Milli leaped lightly to a great boulder in the crack. Then she dropped to a lower one. "Come on!"

Carefully, the young men followed her. The snow had made the rocks wet and slippery, and Billy and Doc were only slightly more agile than elephants. Eventually they caught up with her, sitting on a small boulder with the cavern's walls rising blackly around her. Enough light slipped down to illuminate the sheltered spot. Milli's legs, clad in plain slacks, were drawn up and she had her arms around them comfortably as she watched Billy and Doc squat gingerly in front of her.

"You two are so nice," she said warmly. "I've always wanted to go spelunking."

"What's a spelunk?" Doc in-

quired, thinking that, whatever it was, it might be edible.

"Spelunking," Billy told him, "is another word for exploring caves."

Doc shrugged his shoulders and said, "Okay." Then he took off his gloves and rubbed his hands together. "What say we eat?"

Milli stood up quickly. "Wait'll we get back. Right now, I want to do some spelunking. Let's go!" She began to make her way toward a narrow, irregular gap in one wall of rock. "Anyway," she called over her shoulder, "there isn't anything to eat."

"What!" Billy jumped up and tore open the knapsack on Doc's back. He pulled out a length of rope and a flashlight. "Milli!"

She steeled her heart. This would be an acid test. Which one would act the best when deprived of food? "Coming?" she asked, and crawled through the hole.

Their faces grim in the dim light, Billy and Doc looked at each other. Billy said, "Did you know we were getting into this?"

The question was too ridiculous for Doc to answer. He waved toward the hole. "You go first. You've got the flashlight."



"How do I know you'll like him? Well, I'll tell you how I know you'll like him . . ."

It was not that easy. Billy was halfway through when he got stuck. After contemplating the thrashing legs thoughtfully, Doc put a big foot against the largest portion of Billy's anatomy still in view and shoved enthusiastically. Billy disappeared, leaving a scraping of trouser around the mouth of the hole. Doc entered feet first and managed to make it without being caught.

A bright light shone in his face and he heard Billy say, "The next time, you may precede me and I will have the pleasure of helping you."

"There, you see?" Milli spoke quickly. "If you'd had something to eat, neither of you would have been able to get through."

The flashlight's beam swept the rock walls about them. They were in a small, circular room perhaps four feet high and ten feet in diameter. Milli exclaimed when the light found another fissure.

"There! That's the way! I'll take the flashlight. Here, let me tie the rope around me." She dexterously wrapped a strand about her, tying it with an immense knot. Then she tossed the coil to Doc. "You do the same, and then Billy. This way none of us will get lost from the others."

"Yeah," said Billy drily, "that's a danger, particularly if the rest of the cave is big, like this."

They found that the second hole was the entrance to a long, sloping passage that was so low they had to crawl. Milli wormed along it with great ardor, the flashlight searching ahead of her.

"It turns a little bit farther ahead," she called back excitedly.

"Up, I hope," Doc muttered.

Then he went flat on his face, the hand that had carried his weight suddenly displaced because he had blindly put it on the rope, and the rope had been pulled forward by one of Milli's surges.

Billy, close behind Doc and in almost total blackness, collided with him. Suddenly meeting something with his face, he jerked back and up, cracking his hand against the low roof of the passage.

"My nose!" Doc moaned.

"My head!" Billy groaned.

"Who's pulling on the line?" Milli demanded impatiently. "I can't go ahead with you pulling."

They reached another room, as small as the first one, but much more damp. The walls were beaded with water, and the floor seemed to be some kind of slimy clay.

"I wonder how far down we are." Milli's eyes were bright as she looked around.

"Looks like we're close to the China Sea," Doc told her, examining his nose with a muddy glove.

Billy cleared his throat. "You know," he said thoughtfully, "I've just discovered that I like the wide, open spaces. I feel like I'm a long, long way from where I ought to be."

"Shake on that, pal." Doc thrust out his hand and Billy took it readily. A little frown wrinkled for a moment at the top of Milli's pert nose.

"Come on," she commanded.

They were crouching around a gap near the room's floor, and Milli moved a little closer. What happened next was swift. Her feet slipped out from underneath her, and she plunged down a little in-

cline and through the hole. Her weight on the line jerked Doc tightly against the wall. His movement upset Billy, who sprawled on the floor. They were in complete darkness.

"Milli!"

Doc tried to move away, but the rope held him. Billy scrambled to his feet, backing up and pulling the line taut.

"Billy," Doc panted, "can you pull me away? I think she's hanging on the other end. I can't see a thing."

"Neither can I. Ready? I'm starting to pull."

They strained together and moved back, Doc reaching ahead of him on the rope. Suddenly, his hand touched corduroy.

"Is that you, Milli?"

They heard a gasp as they pulled her into the room and then her shaky voice: "I told you the rope would be useful." Milli breathed heavily. "I wonder how deep that hole is."

"We're not going to find out," Billy said sternly.

"That's right," Doc agreed. "Let's get out of here. Where's the flashlight?"

There was silence before Milli answered weakly: "That's what I mean. It's in the hole. What's more, my knee hurts like all goodness and I think I'm going to faint." Billy and Doc felt her sag against them.

Perhaps if Milli hadn't fainted her plan still would have worked out. Maybe the experience of getting out of that black, winding, wet, rocky, unpleasant hole would have provided her with just the information she needed to decide who was really the best man.

But as it was, Milli didn't really know what was happening until she was sitting in the Healey again and the cold air had revived her. By the time she was conscious, the test was over.

Was Billy the calmer of the two in the emergency? Did Doc show superior courage in discovering the way back to the surface? Was she shielded from other bruises most tenderly by Billy? Whose eyes showed the greatest concern for her? Milli has never been able to find out.

When she asks Doc about it, all he says is that he doesn't know what he'd done without Billy; and when she asks Billy, he says the same thing about Doc.

And now she has to be doubly careful about making the mistake of talking about medicine to Billy and engineering to Doc. For if she does, it reminds Billy of Doc, and Doc of Billy, and each spends the rest of the date telling Milli what a swell fellow the other is.

It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship, but Milli is more troubled than ever by men in the plural.

Long Ago

In early Anglo-Saxon days, the bridegroom received a shoe from the bride's father, and custom dictated that he strike his bride on the head with it to show he was master.

—HAROLD HELFER

COPERNICUS, Star-gazing Clergyman

Glenn Everett

POLAND has issued an attractive new postage stamp in honor of one of that country's great heroes, the Reverend Nicholas Copernicus, a star-gazing clergyman who became the father of modern astronomy.

The story of Copernicus is that of the man who discovered how vast is the universe in which we live and who struggled to bring religious faith into line with the scientific knowledge that was beginning to come to man in the Renaissance.

Copernicus made astronomical discoveries that upset everything that man had previously believed about the world in which he dwelt, and near his death published a great six-volume work destined to be one of the classics of scientific literature.

Born Nicholas Koppernigk in Torun, Poland, in 1473, he lived in an age that was fraught with new discoveries and new ideas. He was nineteen when Columbus discovered America. Before he died in 1543, men knew for certain that the world was round, and not flat as they had heretofore sup-

posed. In 1517 the Reformation rocked the religious world.

It was an age in which man's inquisitive mind awakened from the long stupor of the Middle Ages, and Copernicus, as we call him from the Latin name he adopted, was one of its great geniuses.

Left an orphan at ten, he was adopted by his uncle, Bishop Lucas Wazzenrode, spiritual and temporal ruler of the small Polish-Prussian province of Ermland, and had the advantage of a good education as both physician and clergyman.

Through his uncle, he obtained an appointment as canon of the Cathedral at Frauenberg. The stamp pictures him as he plotted his astronomical observations from the tower of this cathedral, where he went nightly for thirty years.

Until Copernicus propounded his theory that the earth moves about the sun, mankind had lived in a small, comfortable world. It was thought that the earth floated in the center of a fixed sphere, the inside rim of which revolved, carrying the sun, moon, and stars around the earth. God and the angels lived at the top of this sphere in a place called Heaven, and the Devil lived in Hell, a few miles beneath the earth's surface. It was a tight little place.

Interest in astronomy was confined to trying to ascertain the supposed influence of the stars on human events, and to plotting the course of the moon and planets in order to keep the calendar of church observances correct. The calendar then in use had been established by Julius Caesar. The earth was actually eleven minutes

per year slower than the Romans had estimated, however, and this built up to an error of one day each 128 years. The accumulated error was eleven days in Copernicus' time, a fact which was becoming evident.

Copernicus first began making observations, therefore, in an effort to solve the calendar riddle. As he began to study the paths of the planets, he realized that no existing theory could explain the peculiarities of their movements. After many years of patient observation, working without the telescope, which was not invented until nearly 100 years later, he came to the conclusion that the movement of heavenly bodies could all be explained quite simply if it was assumed that the earth was a planet and, with the others, revolved about the sun, meanwhile turning on its own axis once each day.

The universe, Copernicus concluded, was vastly larger than man had supposed. He made a careful triangulation to measure the distance to the moon, and found it to be sixty-one times the diameter of the earth (correct to within a fraction). He made other measurements of astounding accuracy, considering his crude instruments. For instance, he figured that the radius of the circle that Jupiter makes about the sun is 5,219 times the radius of the earth's orbit; modern astronomers place it at 5,203. He calculated the length of the star-year at 365 days, 6 hours, 9 minutes, and 40 seconds—correct to within 30 seconds!

If these measurements were cor-

rect, then the distance to the fixed stars was incredible, amounting to not thousands, but millions of times the diameter of the earth! Copernicus was awe-struck by the magnitude of his discovery. God reigned over a much greater creation, he realized, than man had ever conceived. The sun was but one star among many, the earth a mere grain of sand.

Copernicus was only too right, as we know now, but men of that day looked at the vast, solid world about them and said, "How can this be moving without our knowing it?" They looked at the star and said, "It is impossible that they could be so far away!"

It is no wonder that Copernicus waited until near death to order publication of the full story of his discoveries. Well did he know that the reaction of bigoted minds would be anything but favorable to this new concept of God, the Creator.

As a matter of fact, when Galileo, in 1610, using the telescope, began to confirm the Copernican theory, he was called before the Inquisition at Rome and was made to recant on penalty of death.

Copernicus died a lonely man, shunned by his colleagues of the clergy; his only disciple the Protestant, Rheticus. Nothing would have surprised him more than the fame which came to him centuries after his death, as exemplified by this postage stamp in his honor. Truth could not be suppressed, and when religion ceased its frustrating feud with science, Christians found that the fundamental principles of their faith were more valid than ever.

NOVA SCOTIA: where U. S. history began



In a military sense, Nova Scotia is the cradle of American independence.

Six full years before Braddock's defeat a pick-up army from New England, considerably to its own surprise, adapting rough-and-ready bushwhacking techniques to regular siege operations, found out at Louisbourg that they had nothing to fear from the uniformed regulars of Europe.

To an extraordinary degree, all major Nova Scotia historic sites are equally American national shrines. Annually they attract thousands upon thousands of visitors intent upon viewing the very places where their ancestors fought and bled in the earliest "foreign" wars of the thirteen colonies.

Leaving the steamer at Yarmouth, a motor run of eighty-seven miles brings the visitor to Fort Anne, Annapolis Royal, which changed hands eight times during the French and Indian Wars, until a mixed British and colonial force from Boston brought it finally under the British flag in 1710. Unlike most frontier strongholds, it was not a mere

wooden stockade, but solid earth-work upon which time has had little effect. Also it was not buried in deep woods, but stood amid scenes of great natural beauty which persist to this day.

Small as it was in early colonial days, Port Royal yet attracted some of the brightest stars of the French court. For decades it was the Paris of New France and generated court feuds and scandals as prolifically as Paris, its overseas counterpart. The British added their quota of historical associations. In the garrison graveyard lies buried one of the favorite Spanish lady friends of the old Duke of Wellington of Waterloo fame.

Seven miles below Fort Anne, on Annapolis Basin, stands Canada's authentic restoration of the first settlement of white men in America north of Florida. It is Chamberlain's Habitation, highly picturesque and photogenic, made famous by the poems, plays, and writings of Marc Lescarbot and a horde of later historians.

In this tiny colony was born America's first service club, *L'Ordre de Bon Temps*, which still meets every week in Anna-

polis Royal, and survives on a larger scale in Nova Scotia's officially sponsored Order of the Good Time.

Once when leader Poutrincourt was expected back from France, Lescarbot wrote a welcome pageant, the first play ever origi-

nated in America. In translation it sounds completely modern, and its songs are as lively and sophisticated as any current Broadway musical.

The settlement came to an abrupt end at the hands of Capt. Samuel Argall, one of Cromwell's hearties from Virginia, also known as the kidnapper of Pocahontas.

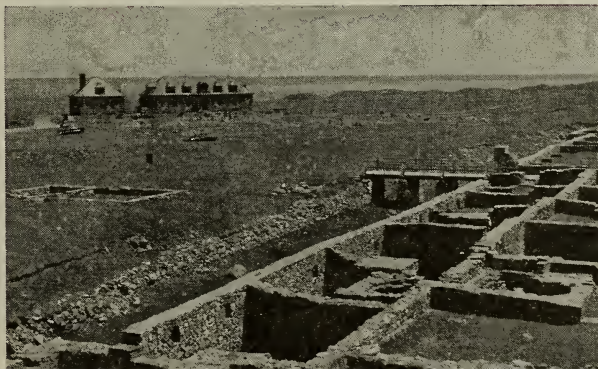
Proceeding up the Annapolis Valley, the visitor will pass near Round Hill, the grave of Major James DeLancey, leader of the "Cowboys of the Bronx," a Loyalist guerrilla band which figures in nearly every American historical novel and movie of the Revolution since James Fenimore Cooper set the fashion with his novel, *The Spy*.

Next major stop on our tour is Grand Pré, scene of the expulsion of the Acadians in 1755, a tragedy too familiar to need retelling here. About a century later, Longfellow's "Evangeline" impressed this indelibly upon world memory. This year its 200th anniversary is being fittingly observed by the thousands of descendants of the 800 intrepid exiles who marched back home overland from Boston, leaving a trail of dead through the howling



St. Charles Chapel and Evangeline monument in Grand Pré.

Original foundations and streets of Louisbourg, eventually to be restored.



wilderness now known as Maine and New Brunswick.

What is not so generally known is that this act of driving into exile nearly 5,000 people was mainly the work of New England soldiers acting under orders of the local governors of Massachusetts and Nova Scotia. The governors cannily forestalled any possibility of home office interference by keeping the news from London until after the transports were gone beyond recall.

At Windsor, a slight detour off the main street will bring the visitor to Clifton, colonial mansion and estate of Judge Thomas Haliburton, creator of the New England character "Sam Slick of Slickville," called by Artemus Ward the father of the American school of humorous writing.

Twenty-five miles west of Halifax stands Mount Uniacke, eastern Canada's finest colonial mansion. It is a reminder of romance rather than history, although its founder, Hon. R. J. Uniacke, was once imprisoned briefly as a suspected sympathizer of American "rebels" attempting to take Fort Cumberland by surprise. The visitor will find beautifully restored Fort Cumberland, sometimes called Beausejour, about three miles west of the Nova Scotia border in neighboring New Brunswick.

Two hundred and sixteen miles east of Yarmouth lies Halifax, warden of the North, Canada's principal naval base since 1749 and chief stronghold of British power on this side of the North Atlantic. Without ever having had to fire a single shot in anger,

Halifax Citadel, because of its superb strategic location, has been a decisive factor in every war since its establishment.

In all the long history of the British empire there are only two overseas fortresses upon which the Union Jack has never been lowered, Gibraltar and Halifax.

The Citadel (Fort George) has never been allowed to fall into a ruinous condition, but neglect has left the interior somewhat unsightly. Nothing short of cataclysm of nature, however, could interfere with the magnificent view from its lofty ramparts. Recently the Federal authorities have embarked upon a program of renovation and landscaping which is making it one of the show places of North America. Already it is attracting 80,000 visitors a year.

Nearly every famous regiment on the British army list has at one time or another garrisoned this stronghold, and the roster of names connected with it, headed by the royal Duke of Kent, Victoria's father, reads like a mammoth *Burke's Peerage* and *Almanac de Gotha* combined.

Halifax was first built by the British government at the insistence of New England, which wanted a strong naval base interposed between her and Louisbourg. The present fortress, which is the fourth on the site, was designed by Col. Arnold, Royal Engineers, a son of Benedict Arnold of Revolutionary notoriety.

Hither retreated Lord Howe on the evacuation of Boston in 1776, and his army sailed from here to occupy New York. This also

was the main operations base of the British fleets which blockaded the American coast until the Yorktown disaster forced them to give it up as a bad job.

Even celebrated Dalhousie University owes its existence to a Halifax expedition which occupied part of Maine for some years and later turned over its customs collections to the governor who used it to found this school.

Here also, under a flamboyant epitaph six feet long, lies General Robert Ross who, with Admiral Cockburn, burned the Capitol at Washington in 1814.

Under the shadow of the Citadel stands St. Paul's Church, built in 1750 of timber cut to shape in Boston. In its vaults lie Baron de Seltz, Baron von Knyphausen, and other mercenary leaders of Revolutionary fame. Also Bishop Charles Inglis, who as assistant rector of Trinity, New York, recited the usual prayers for King George III, although George Washington himself and a band of armed men were among the congregation.

Bringing the story up to date, here between 1914-18 and 1941-45 came hundreds of thousands of American soldiers, sailors, and airmen in thousands of American warships and merchant vessels for duty against the Kaiser, Hitler, and Mussolini. Here British troopships hastily unloaded cargo to make room for the emergency arms we sent Britain after the Dunkirk disaster. Later American and British merchantmen were sunk within sight of the Citadel and people along shore could hear the crash of guns and rumble of



The Duke of Kent, Victoria's father, had clock erected in 1803 to encourage punctuality among Halifax citizens.

depth charges as American and British escort vessels fought it out with submarine packs.

Three hundred miles east of Halifax, in Cape Breton, lie the fragments that still remain of the great French fortress that cost so much that Louis XIV said he expected to look out of his chamber window in Versailles some fine morning to "see the towers of Louisbourg rising above the horizon."

Started in 1720, it became a rendezvous for the sea rovers, politely called privateers, and such a pest that, in 1745, New England militiamen, convoyed by British war vessels, sailed in a motley convoy to conquer it. So blithe were these optimists that they actually set out without siege artillery. The garrison obliged them by abandoning a massive shore battery after merely spik-

ing its forty-two pounders, the "Big Berthas" of that day. Versatile Yankee blacksmiths drilled out the touch-holes and the besiegers were all set. They had lots of power but no cannon balls, and they had to chase and recover those fired from the fortress to have something to throw back at the enemy. They did this so effectively that shortly the garrison hung out the white flag, a circumstance that so shocked the military experts of that and later days that more books have been written about this amateur capture and other features of Louisbourg than any other single military subject except Napoleon Bonaparte.

European diplomacy soon gave it back to France, and American and British troops had to take it all over again in 1758, this time under Lord Jeffrey Amherst.

By 1760, Quebec had fallen. Halifax did not relish a rival base. So British sappers blew down the walls, and British traders carted the material off to Halifax, where

it may still be seen in the walls of many buildings. This cut stone came from Caen, France, where Canadian troops were to distinguish themselves nearly 200 years later against Hitler.

Louisbourg harbor is still full of old canon or sunken warships which can sometimes be seen on the infrequent occasions when the surface is calm.

About twenty-five years ago when excavation and partial restoration of Louisbourg began, one of the early relics located was the skeleton of the Duc d'Anville, commander of a great French fleet which in 1746 crossed the Atlantic with the avowed object of destroying Boston and other coast cities. Storm and pestilence averted the danger, but for some months it spread as much alarm and warlike fever through New England as the approach of the Spanish Armada had aroused in Old England a century and a half before.

Yes, Nova Scotia historic sites are American historic sites, too.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated season the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the north-
ward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

—From *Evangeline*, by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

United Fellowship

Fish Pointers

As two men made ready for the worship on next Holy Day, they faced one hard problem: How would the rest of the Christians find this room way back in the catacombs under the city of Rome? Signs or arrows to mark the way were out; they were too dangerous in these days of persecution. No one would ever be able to follow all these turns from memory, and they didn't dare write directions.

Then one had a bright idea: Why not use a fish for a pointer. It would look like an arrow to

those in the know, but just like a fish to the Roman soldiers. As they scratched a fish at every turn, it became a pointer to Christian fellowship.

Later Christians have felt this a most fortunate choice because they remembered that four of Christ's apostles were fishermen: Peter, Andrew, James, and John. They also recalled that Jesus had said to these, "Follow me and I will make you become fishers of men." It became a lasting symbol when someone figured out that the letters in the Greek word for fish, *ichthus*, are the first letters in the phrase, *Iesous Christos Theou Hyos Soter*, which means "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour." During many frightening years, the fish was the identifying mark of the Christian and the pointer to the Way of Christ.

Today our Christian faith is being attacked and persecuted in some parts of the world; everywhere it is engaged in a very real battle for the minds and active allegiance of men. Christians are in the very midst of that battle.

American Christians—servicemen, businessmen, missionaries—are spread all over the world today. What in our attitudes or way of life would serve to identify us as Christians? What in our lives would serve to point others to the Way of Christ?



—Joe Dana

A
BIBLE READING
FOR
EVERY DAY
OF THE MONTH

Daily Rations



BY
JAMES V. CLAYPOOL
Secy., promotion of
Bible Use,
American Bible
Society

THEME: Able and Ready for Anything

1	The Soldier Who Surprised Jesus	Matthew 8:5-13
2	Using What You Have	Luke 19:11-27
3	A Most Important Sunday	Luke 19:28-48
4	Putting in Proper Places	Mark 12:13-17
5	A Sense of Values	Mark 13:1-13
6	Their Last Meal Together	Mark 14:17-26
7	Jesus' Obedience	Luke 22:39-46
8	Jesus' Humiliation	Mark 15:6-19
9	Jesus' Surrender	Luke 23:33-47
10	Jesus' Triumph	Luke 24:1-12
11	Jesus' Companions	Luke 24:13-35
12	Jesus' Conversation	Luke 24:36-53
13	All Things to All Men	I Corinthians 9:16-27
14	What Comes Next?	I Corinthians 15:20-34
15	From Earthly to Spiritual	I Corinthians 15:35-58
16	Stand Fast	I Corinthians 16:1-14
17	Peace With God	Romans 5:1-8
18	The Wages of Sin	Romans 6:12-23
19	Two People Inside	Romans 7:14-25
20	Bearing With the Weak	Romans 14:7-19
21	They That Are Christ's	Galatians 5:14-26
22	Reaping What You Sow	Galatians 6:1-16
23	Waging the Good Warfare	I Timothy 1:12-20
24	Fighting the Good Fight	I Timothy 6:6-21
25	Suffer as a Good Soldier	II Timothy 2:1-13
26	An Anchor of the Soul	Hebrews 6:9-20
27	A Good Rudder Wanted	James 1:1-14
28	Internal Conflicts	James 4:1-17
29	Persistent Perils	I Peter 2:1-12
30	There Was War In Heaven	Revelation 12:1-11

Paul's Letter to the Colossians

J. CARTER SWAIM

Introduction

On Reading Other People's Mail

It is always fun to read other people's mail. Perhaps we get our first experience at that as children. On a rainy day when we have to play indoors, and everything else has begun to pall, we make our way to the attic. There we find a bundle of our parents' love letters tied in ribbons of pink or blue. If we have a chance to read many of them before we are discovered, we get a new insight into the romantic nature of those who loved us into life.

Later, at school or camp, we find that we cannot resist reading postcards addressed to our room-mates. The woman in whose home a friend's son was staying as a guest unashamedly admitted that she enjoyed reading the messages his mother and father sent to him.

Sometimes the process of reading other people's mail becomes organized, and turns into scholarly work with footnotes and appendices. For students of Latin it is a pity that the letters of Cicero don't come earlier in the course. They are much more human and revealing than his fierce orations against Cataline. The reading of letters is one of the easiest and most fascinating ways by which to enter into the spirit of the past. "That is the best history," said Baronius, "which is calculated out of letters."

The student of American history will learn a great deal by reading the letters of men prominent in our national life. The papers of Thomas Jefferson are now being published. They will include 19,000 letters that Jefferson wrote and 25,000 that other people wrote to him. The Lincoln saga is enriched as new letters come to light. Letters from men in the Confederate Army and the Union Army have helped the nation to picture the tragic nature of that conflict between brothers. The letters written by Theodore Roosevelt to his children reveal what rollicking fun he had with his family.

A large part of the New Testament is made up of letters. Of its twenty-seven books, twenty-one are letters. A number of these, of course, are much shorter than the Gospels, Acts, or Revelation, and yet if we judge by quantity, the twenty-one letters of the New Testament make up approximately 65 per cent of its contents. In addition to that, the last book in the New Testament, the Apocalypse, although not itself in the epistolary form, contains within it letters to the seven churches of Asia Minor (cf., Rev. 1:4-3:22). Of the twenty-one letters in the Christian book, ten were written

Several of Paul's letters are addressed to churches in cities that

still flourish, such as Rome, Corinth, and Salonika. The message to Colossians, however, was directed to a community which no longer plays a conspicuous part in the life of our world. Colossae was a town in southwestern Phrygia, which is in Asia Minor. It lay at the foot of Mt. Cadmus, which is some 7,000 feet high. The district is volcanic and subject to earthquakes. Colossae flourished as a trading community until it was eclipsed by the neighboring town of Laodicea. The letter to Colossians can, therefore, be described as "a significant deliverance addressed to a rather insignificant audience."

Big ideas are sometimes associated with small places. Augustine, one of the great and learned men of the Latin Church, was Bishop of Hippo, a community in North Africa so small and unimportant that its name does not even appear in some modern encyclopedias. That does not invalidate the power of the gospel preached there. Jesus was born in Bethlehem, an inconsequential community in the land of Judah, and spent most of his life in Nazareth, a community to the north, from which the city folk were sure no good thing could ever come. Yet no life has ever touched and moved the world so much as his.

Although we have discussed the significance of reading other people's mail, it is important to note that Colossians is in a sense not other people's mail at all. One of the evidences of divine inspiration in the writing of Biblical books is the fact that the writers often said more than they knew,

and spoke to people far beyond the bounds of the communities that they addressed. In writing to the Colossians, Paul also wrote to us. If we read the letter in the Revised Standard Version, we shall find that it sounds as if it had been first intended for us. As we study it, we must imagine ourselves members of the church in Colossae, eagerly opening a letter sent from the great apostle.

Colossians 2:5 contains terms which make the letter of special interest to soldiers. Paul there writes of "rejoicing to see your good order and the firmness of your faith in Christ." The word translated "good order" is often used of the placing of an army in battle array. The words, "firmness of your faith," would mean "solid front." The whole could be translated, "your good order and the unbroken front resulting from your faith." Paul was always alert to seize upon terms in the life about him which might enable others the more readily to understand religious truth.

As a Roman prisoner Paul probably witnessed the parades of the praetorian guard (cf., Philippians 1:13), and so this metaphor came to his mind. Against the forces of evil he is glad to see the Christians drawn up in perfect array and presenting a solid front. "Not with swords' loud clashing . . . the heavenly kingdom comes," but the Bible often uses military metaphors because it is eager to win for the Lord of love all the glad sacrifice and willing obedience which men so readily place at their country's service.

Watching the New Testament Grow

The letter to Colossians gives us perhaps a better picture than is provided anywhere else in the New Testament of how the Christian scriptures came into being. Although Paul is the author, he identifies Timothy with himself as co-sender (Colossians 1:1). No doubt various items in the letter had been frequently talked over with this faithful fellow-worker.

In its composition Paul had the assistance of a secretary, but at one place he took up the stylus to add a word of greeting in his own hand (4:18). Like the signature of a modern executive on work typed by another, this would be a guarantee of its genuineness. II Thessalonians 2:2 and 3:17 indicate that, in the fierce battle for men's loyalties in the first century, letters claiming to be from Paul had sometimes been forged.

The letter is sent to a particular congregation but with this instruction: "And when this letter has been read among you, have it read also in the church of the Laodiceans, and see that you read also the letter from Laodicea." This is the first intimation we have that Paul's correspondence was sometimes circulated from church to church. When a church would receive a letter from him, it no doubt would copy it so that this copy could be kept. After the letter had been sent on, this copy would be cherished and read many times in the local congregation. As letters circulated and con-

gregations had a chance to copy them, each collected the nucleus of a New Testament. There is a theory that the slave Onesimus, mentioned in the Letter to Philemon, who was set free as a result of that communication, set about collecting Paul's letters in gratitude for what Paul had done, and that these formed the nucleus around which the rest of the New Testament grew. In any case, we have within the Letter to Colossians the first definite information as to how Christian writings began to circulate.

It was stated in the introduction that Laodicea eclipsed Colossae. Actually we do not know about any letter from Laodicea, since no such document has survived. Marcion, the second-century heretic who constructed his own New Testament on the theory that the God and Father of Jesus could not possibly be the Creator God of the Old Testament, did include in his collection a letter to Laodicea. This, however, is the letter which we know as the Letter to Ephesians. The supposition is that perhaps Ephesians was originally a circular letter, that each church wrote in its own name, and hence in some way it became identified with the church in Laodicea. It is also to be noted that Laodicea was a church with no very admirable reputation in the early Christian community. Revelation 3:15 is part of a letter addressed to the church in Laodicea. It says: "I

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know your works: you are neither cold nor hot. Would that you were cold or hot! So, because you are lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew you out of my mouth." If that were the reputation of the Laodicean church, it is easy to see how a letter addressed to that congregation might be neglected and finally lost.

Colossians 2:14 calls attention to yet another detail in the process of Bible transmission. Paul says that Christ by his death has wiped out the handwritten law with its many legal demands. The picture is that of erasing the writing on a papyrus leaf, so that it might be used again. Writing materials in Bible times were scarce, and the same surface was sometimes used more than once. A document of this kind is called a palimpsest, from two Greek words meaning "rub away." Some of the oldest Biblical writings that have come down to us are of this sort.

Another significant fact with regard to Biblical origins is suggested by a comparison of Colossians with Ephesians. They deal in general with the same theme. The exact relationship between the two is not clear. Some have supposed that Ephesians is a composite document created by some Paulinist as a covering letter for the first collection of Paul's epistles. If we think of it as a genuine Pauline letter, however, the question arises as to why there are two documents with similar style and subject matter. It could be supposed that Colossians is a condensation of Ephesians, or on the other hand that Ephesians is an expansion of Colossians. Coleridge thought Colossians "the

overflowing as it were of St. Paul's mind upon the same subject as Ephesians."

Matthew and Luke are expansions of the Gospel of Mark. While it is not suggested that Ephesians has to Colossians the same relation that Matthew does to Mark, it is an interesting suggestion that New Testament writers sometimes took bodies of material and reworked them into larger documents. Colossians and Ephesians contain so many similar ideas that copyists across the ages have tended to make them identical in phraseology, even where they originally differed.

Colossians 4:14 mentions "Luke, the beloved physician." From II Corinthians 12:8 we know that Paul lived all his life under the burden of a physical handicap. Yet his incessant comings and goings were stopped only by imprisonment. Perhaps "the beloved physician" was with him because a doctor's constant attention was necessary if the apostle were to be ready for the rigors of the road, some of which are described in II Corinthians 11:25-27. Luke is, in his own right, the author of a considerable portion of the New Testament: the Gospel which bears his name, and the Acts of the Apostles. Students of Gospel origins believe that Luke's travels with Paul, and especially his stay in Caesarea (Acts 23:33-26:30) gave him opportunity to do the kind of research which has made his account of Jesus' life and teachings "the most beautiful book in the world."

The letter to Colossians is of interest, again, because it suggests that no small part of the New

Testament belongs to what can be called "prison literature"—that is to say, it comes to us from behind prison bars. The concluding words of the epistle are: "Remember my fetters. Grace be with you." The term "fetters" is one calculated to suggest restriction on the movement of feet and ankles rather than on the hands. Paul evidently was fastened either to some object or to a guard, and therefore unable to move about with complete freedom.

Nevertheless, the epistle abounds with concern, not about Paul's situation, but about the well-being of the Christian community in Colossae. He does not say, "Remember my fetters, and pray for me," or "Remember my fetters, and pay me a visit," or "Remember my fetters, and send me a present." Rather, simply, "Remember my fetters. Grace be with you." His fetters are not something to be ashamed of but something rather of which to be proud.

This is one of the respects in which Colossians impresses us as one of the most modern letters in the New Testament. A great many people of our time have been put in prison not because of any wrong that they have done, but because of their opposition to some totalitarian regime. It has, in fact, been said that the totalitarian state can be defined as a place where the people in jail are better than the people who put them there. It is said that during the war years in Germany a visitor said to a prisoner, "Why are you here?" "Why," said the prisoner, "are you not here?"

It is reported that a Protestant pastor's family, permitted to visit

For Discussion

"Bond of the scattered family," "Enlarger of the common life" are phrases inscribed on the post office in Washington, D.C. How would we have to change our letters if you were going to add: "Vehicle of the grace of God"?

Compare Colossians 1:4f with I Thessalonians 1:2, and both with I Corinthians 13; what does this suggest about the unity of Paul's correspondence?

What does the Colossian letter add to our understanding of Paul's idea of faith (1:23; 2:7)? hope (1:27)? love (3:14)?

Did you ever receive a letter which changed the course of your life?

Who is there to whom you ought now to send a thoughtful letter, a letter that might make a difference?

him in prison only once a month, was on its way home after one of these visits. The children were discussing the other prisoners whom they had observed. Much to their astonishment, they found that some were in prison because of crimes they had committed. One said to his mother, "Mother, is it true that there are bad people in jail, too?" In the Roman world of the first century there were sometimes bad people in jail. Sometimes, also, there were good people in jail. Paul is in prison for the Gospel, a Gospel of which he is not ashamed. Nor is he ashamed of the bonds which he suffers on account of his devotion to the Gospel.

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The Beloved Community

The Colossian letter is addressed to the church in a particular region. "Church" is a word which is used in different ways. It sometimes means a building; it sometimes means a company of people who assemble for worship; it sometimes means a public service, where God's name is praised. We could therefore say the church (meaning a company of people) goes to church (a building) for church (meaning worship). One who has directed the ministry to several newly established communities in America tells us that "More and more, missionaries have discovered that the church is not a building, but a people, oriented around a common Lord."

A church building in a certain community burned to the ground. A sympathizer said to the minister, "My, I am distressed at hearing that you have lost your church." "No," he said, "I have not lost my church. The church is the people; we have simply lost the place where we meet on Sundays." The letter to Colossians indicates that the church is people. John Wesley counted it among the great and fortunate events of his early life that he then met a man who said to him, "You must find friends or make them. The Bible knows nothing of solitary religion." The letter to Colossians suggests that Paul knew nothing of solitary religion.

No sacred book is so filled with people as the Bible. Even a short letter like Colossians has room for a surprising number of individuals. We have already noted what is said about Timothy and Luke. Consider also what is said about Epaphras (1:7, 4:12), Tychicus (4:7), Onesimus (4:9), Aristarchus (4:10), Mark (4:10), Demus (4:14), Nympha (4:15), and Archippus (4:17). John Bright, the British statesman, used to say to young people, "Link yourself with a great cause; you may never do the cause much good, but the cause will do you a great deal of good." Many of the persons mentioned in this letter are only names to us. They obtained immortality, however, by linking themselves with a great cause. They were ordinary people who did nothing the world considers important. By carrying out faithfully their duties as members of the church, they obtained a name and fame denied to the conspicuous political and military figures of their time, and remain an inspiration to us.

The fellowship of good people is compared to a living organism, of which Christ is the head. (One of the Reformation documents states that "the claim of any man to be . . . the head of the Church, is unscriptural, without warrant in fact, and is a usurpation dishonoring to the Lord Jesus Christ.") From Jesus as the head, "the whole body, nourished and

knit together through its joints and ligaments, grows with a growth that is from God" (2:19).

Thanksgiving is a constant duty of the Christian (3:15, 17; 4:2), and believers will want to join with others in showing forth their praise. Christians develop a sense of comradeship. Colossians 3:16 reveals how even the conversation of believers with each other becomes a form of worship.

We think of the church and the home as two separate institutions. Yet Colossians 4:15 reveals that the early church made no such distinction. "The church in the house," a phrase that occurs also in Romans 16:5, I Corinthians 16:19; Philemon 2, Mark 14:15 and Acts 1:13, 2:46, indicates that Christianity's first meeting place was in the houses of the members. It is not until the third century that there is clear evidence that buildings were especially set apart for worship. It is impressive to think that in Rome, in Corinth, in Jerusalem, and in the other cities of the empire there were little house-churches that wielded mighty influence.

At the Charter Day dinner which climaxed the Columbia University bicentennial, persons were present from many different parts of the world. Queen Mother Elizabeth represented the British people and read a message from her daughter, Elizabeth II, in which the reigning queen recalled that it was her "ancestor, King George II, who in October, 1754, gave a royal charter to the King's College." When President Kirk conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon the widow of George VI, the citation described her as

"mother now of a ruling queen whose high heritage is the memory of an English home of gentleness, justice, and Christian principle."

This will not surprise those who remember the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary of Queen Elizabeth and her husband, George VI. On that occasion, the king was ill and unable to make a public appearance. The Queen, substituting for him, said in a radio broadcast to the empire: "The world of our day is longing to find the secret of community, and all married lives are in a sense communities in miniature. There must be many who feel as we do that the sanctities of married life are in some ways the highest form of human fellowship, affording a rock-like foundation upon which all the best in the life of a nation is built."

There was at least one American city in which that speech was not published in the daily papers. They did not have room for it because on that day the papers gave a four-column spread on the front page to Lana Turner's marriage to Bob Topping, whose fourth wife she became, he having been divorced the previous week by his third. Newspapers presumably give us what we want to read, but it is a strange standard of values which would record at such great length the latest marital adventures of a Hollywood star, while overlooking the fact that the king and queen, in spite of the high place to which they had been summoned had found in marriage and the home solid, enduring happiness.

In Matthew 18:20, Jesus is re-

For Discussion

What other letters of Paul contain the names of many fellow-Christians? (cf. Romans 16:3-15; Philippians 2:19, 25; 4:2f).

Could a man alone on a desert island lead a complete Christian life?

How do you explain a British clergyman's testimony: "The Church, the ministry, the Bible, worship, and evangelism all come alive in a new way when the church meets in the house?"

With whom should you have more in common, a Japanese Christian or an American pagan?

What do you owe to the home in which you grew up?

What are your ideals for the home in which you want to live?

ported to have promised that "where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them." This is a promise which often has its fulfillment in the Christian home. We sometimes hear it said that the Roman Catholic churches are open seven days a week, while Protestant churches are open only on Sunday. Historically, the reason for this is that the reformers expected that worship through the week would be carried on by families in the homes. On the Lord's Day, then, all the families would assemble in the church for the public worship of God.

The home is not only a church; it is also a school. It is there that we first learn the meaning of faith, hope, and love; of duty, loyalty, and steadfastness. In the family we discover something about the nature of God which

cannot be elsewhere ascertained. Give people the opportunity to ask questions about religion and, sooner or later, somebody is bound to ask about the Trinity. How can we possibly believe that God is three persons in one? Augustine held that the family enabled us to understand in some measure this strange doctrine. A couple is married, but the home is not complete until there is a third person who comes to bless it with young life. There is a lover, one who is loved, and Love.

Thus the home enables us in some measure to comprehend the very being of God. The importance of the home as a nursery of Christian character and a school of Christian growth cannot be overestimated. For half the human race, the home is also the place of employment, and the spirit of sacrifice with which wives and mothers go about their necessary toil is a constant rebuke to the ruthlessness of those who compete in the marketplace.

The Hebrews were concerned that military duty should not weaken the life of the home. Deuteronomy 24:5 indicates the exemptions that were provided (compare also Deuteronomy 20).

If our society is not so considerate, we may well ask ourselves how civilized it can claim to be. In any case, the memory of home surrounds us with influences we would not escape if we could. The prospect of returning to our homes makes us determined to go back unashamed. The possibility of founding a home fills us with a holy affection which crowds out evil and enables us to triumph over temptation.

The Dominion of Darkness

We now assume that earth is divided into two spheres. There is the free world, and there is the slave world; the world of peace-loving nations, and the world of those who trust in violence. There is the world where men can say what they like, vote as they please, and worship as conscience demands; and there is the world in which men dare not criticize the government, only one candidate appears on the ballot, and religion is not encouraged. There is the world where men undertake business ventures according to their ability, and the world where everything is controlled by the state.

The letter to Colossians also represents mankind as living in two worlds. The boundaries between them, however, are not like those we are accustomed to draw. They do not follow mountains, rivers, oceans, or anything geographical. They do not coincide with national boundaries, and members of the same family may be found on different sides. Colossians 1:13 affirms that it is God who "has delivered us from the dominion of darkness and transferred us to the kingdom of his beloved Son." The two worlds which really exist, then, are the world of darkness and the world of light. But note that Paul uses different terms in describing these two realms. God has a kingdom. Darkness does not have a

kingdom; it simply has power temporarily. All that it has is a period of dominion or control resulting from authority that has been usurped. God's kingdom has citizens. The realm of darkness has only captives.

Although Christ died to set us free from the realm of darkness, men still insist on living in bondage to it. The shadow-world from which Christ has delivered us has many manifestations. In Colossae it seems to have made itself known in a fondness for what is secret and mysterious. It consisted of astrology and angel worship (2:18).

Our English words "auspicious" and "inauspicious" bear witness to man's ancient belief that there are magical ways by which destiny can be determined. The Latin word *auspiciu* is derived from *avis*, meaning "bird," and *spicere*, "to see;" it means "indication by augury," "divination by the flight of birds." The *auspex*, in Roman society, was a diviner, a soothsayer, "an interpreter of omens given by birds." "Auspicious" therefore signifies "fortunate, prosperous, attended by good auspices."

Similarly with the English word "inaugurate." In ancient Rome, an *augur* was a member of the highest class of official diviners, whose sole duty it was to interpret signs and portents. The flight of birds, from this or that quarter

of the heavens, revealed whether conditions were favorable or not. To inaugurate, therefore, means to induct into office with a good omen or propitious exercises. So we mark with special events the beginnings of office for presidents, governors, and professors. It was this kind of religion which Shakespeare had in mind in "Julius Caesar:"

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

There still are many areas of the world where man's life, even in the twentieth century, is thought to be linked with the stars. In the tortured politics of southeast Asia, the Burmese cabinet in 1950 resolved to resign. The astrologers held that this action would rid Burma of its troubles. At the hour which the astrologers deemed most propitious, the Prime Minister and his associates assembled at the President's house, so that the government could be reconstituted. At the last minute, however, the whole thing was called off when the astrologers announced that there had been a shift in the celestial signs which they had been observing. In the summer of 1953 the world breathed a sigh of relief at news of the Korean armistice—all but those Chinese who still look for portents in the sky. The night before the three-year police action was due to be concluded, there was an eclipse of the moon, the second within six months. So widespread was the feeling that this was an

inauspicious omen that the Peiping radio service sponsored a lengthy armistice-eve broadcast for the purpose of "disseminating common sense regarding the lunar eclipse."

Hitler would never undertake a new military exploit without consulting his astrologers. The shadow-world is still very much with us, even in America, as every daily paper testifies. Considerable space is devoted in many a metropolitan paper to the horoscope for the day, and one has read of Wall Street operators who will not buy or sell without first noting whether the stars are favorable.

The number of people in this century who take this seriously brings to mind the maid who announced her intention of leaving to get married. "I hope you have considered the matter seriously," said the lady of the house. "I have, mum. I've been to two fortune tellers and a clairvoyant, and I looked in a sign book, and dreamed on a lock of 'is hair, and I've been to a medium and an astrologist, and they all tell me to go ahead, mum. I ain't one to marry careless like, mum." From the black arts of palmistry, phrenology, and astrology Jesus should have long ago delivered us.

In contrast with the pagan practices of Colossae, Paul asserts the true nature of the soul's relation to its Maker. He speaks of "the mystery hidden for ages and generations but now made manifest" (1:26). He does not claim that all its implications can be appreciated by the littleness of our minds. The criticism was

made of an eminent American preacher that he never gave his people a look into the dark, that religion could not possibly be as simple as he made it. We are rightly suspicious of those who speak too intimately of God, as if they had just been fishing with him, or as if he lived in the apartment upstairs. We always approach God with proper reserve, aware that we cannot know all that he is, nor all that man may yet become.

In the New Testament, however, the word "mystery" is not used as it is in popular speech. A mystery in the Biblical sense is a truth which was once obscure but which has now been set forth plainly. The word could be translated, as Moffatt renders it, by "open secret." In that sense, Christ is the mystery of God. The Eternal has a purpose of good to all mankind. He is not capricious, nor does he plot evil against us. He "desires all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth" (I Timothy 2:4). Men did not know of this, however, until it all became clear in the life, death, and resurrection of Christ.

Men always tried by reading the sky to know the mind of God, but now in Christ it has become plain. Men worshipped angels, hoping that they might bear human requests up to God. But now in Christ God himself has come to dwell among men, and no other intermediary is—or ever can be—needed. Colossians 1:20 makes it clear that angels have no part in man's reconciliation to God; angels indeed are themselves among the "all things"

For Discussion

What did the Hebrew prophets think of star-gazing as practiced among the Babylonians? (cf. Jeremiah 10:2)

What was Jesus' attitude toward searching the sky for portents? (cf. Matthew 16:1-4; Luke 17:20f)

What did Jesus regard as the true signs of the coming of his kingdom? (cf. Matthew 11:2-5)

What did Paul consider the real omen of his opponents' destruction? (cf. Philippians 1:27f)

Have you been among people who looked with superstition upon comets and eclipses? What did you do?

What signs are there in your life that Christ has come?

which have their reconciliation effected by Christ's cross.

A second-century bishop declared that "wherever Jesus Christ is, there the church is." Better still, wherever Jesus Christ is, there Christianity is. This, then, is the mystery of the Gospel. In the world in which the New Testament was written, cults admitted men and women to new knowledge only if they had money enough to pay for the initiation. Christianity is offered freely to all. Nor is this remote from the common life. "Christ in you," says Paul (Colossians 1:27), is "the hope of glory." Christianity does not believe that man's fate is to be read in tea leaves, chicken entrails, or shooting stars. It does want men everywhere "to have all the riches of assured understanding and the knowledge of God's mystery of Christ."

Regulations That are of No Value

In Colossae, too, there was the dark world of asceticism. People were depending for their salvation, not simply upon studying the stars and worshiping angels, but also upon practices which involved the denial of normal parts of living. Belief that the flesh is inherently evil has characterized many religions: Essenism, Gnosticism, Manichaeism.

The religion of Zoroaster interprets everything in human life, as well as all else in the universe, in terms of conflict. Each twenty-four hours witnesses a battle between light and darkness for possession of the earth. Good and evil are seen to be waging constant warfare for dominance in the common life. The individual is constantly torn between the demands of the flesh and the demands of spirit. Zoroastrianism is one of many Oriental religions which have taught that flesh and spirit must always be at odds. The ancient Greeks believed this, and flesh was always judged as something to be looked down upon. This dualism has made its way into the New Testament, and Galatians 5:19-23 vividly paints the contrast between "the works of the flesh" and the "fruit of the spirit."

Upon the basis of such words as these rests the whole idea of asceticism. To escape the temptations of the flesh, men have become hermits, dwelling alone on

a solitary mountain-side, or taking up their abode on top of a pillar. Others have sought refuge in communities of the "religious," where isolated companies of the faithful seek to lead lives of piety away from the hurly-burly of the world. Still others, though determined not to run away from their fellows, have taken vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. St. Anthony was the first of the hermits, and Jerome played an important part in the development of monasticism. Orders of monks and orders of nuns have been established for teaching, for nursing, for missionary work.

The belief that one who lives in such a community is better than one who does not seems to rest on two mistaken notions. One is that by going into the desert a man can run away from the temptations associated with the flesh. Actually, these are the more intense if one escapes into an abnormal situation. The hermit is like a sick man, who forever tosses about in the bed, seeking a cooler, cleaner spot, but can find none because he takes with him his fever wherever he goes. The other mistaken notion is that a man's best life can be cultivated in solitude. Those who live on pillars, the world has called saints. But in the New Testament the word "saint" never occurs in the singular. A man can become a saint, in the Biblical sense, only

in the community of believers, in the fellowship of good people. The corporate nature of the Christian life is suggested by the address of the Colossian letter (1:2).

It must also be noted that, while a few passages in the Bible can be quoted by those who regard the flesh as inherently evil, Bible religion as a whole knows no such distinction. This is true of the author we are studying. Paul urges the Romans not to flagellate or mutilate their bodies, but rather to "present your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is your spiritual worship" (Romans 12:1). He prays for his friends in Salonika, not that their spirits may be speedily set free from the limitations of the body, but rather that "your spirit and soul and body be kept sound and blameless" (I Thessalonians 5:23). Jesus did not urge his followers to forget that he had once lived under these limitations, but said rather, in giving them the sacrament of his love, "This is my body."

The Fourth Gospel tells us that God's "Word became flesh." A religion which has that at its center cannot take a low view of the human body. In the early church there were some who professed to go beyond what had been revealed in the Gospels. They pretended to have a superior knowledge, just as some now present us with "New Thought" or "Metaphysical Science" or "Mind Over Matter." These people had been at work in the church at Colossae. Paul therefore writes, "See to it that no one makes a prey of you by philosophy and empty deceit" (Colossians 2:8). He is not urg-

ing them to give up serious thought about the universe, but is warning that cultists may, as is elsewhere pictured in the New Testament, "make their way into households and capture weak women, burdened with sins and swayed by various impulses, who will listen to anybody and can never arrive at a knowledge of the truth" (Timothy 3:6f).

Founders of cults usually try to impose upon their followers a manner of life which will be at once a discipline and a mark of distinction. Asceticism was a part of the rule imposed by the false teachers in Colossae. There were certain rules and regulations governing the conduct of individuals. Paul asks, however, "Why do you submit to regulations, 'Do not handle, Do not taste, Do not touch'?" (Colossians 2:20, 21). Petty prohibitions of this sort deal, after all, only with the externals of life, "referring to things which all perish as they are used" (Colossians 2:22).

Paul admits that on the surface there is something to be said for such restrictions: "These indeed have an appearance of wisdom in promoting rigor of devotion and self-abasement and severity to the body" (Colossians 2:23). Paul knew that the body might require discipline, and I Corinthians 9:27 describes how he sought to maintain the mastery over his. The athlete knows that self-indulgence offers no hope of victory. What men do in order to win "a perishable wreath" (I Corinthians 9:26), the Christian should be willing to do in order to win an imperishable one. As men get older they must culti-

For Discussion

What did Jesus regard as the effect of eating and drinking upon the soul's true life? (cf. Matthew 15:10, 11)

How did Jesus differ from John the Baptizer in regard to ascetic practices? (cf. Luke 7:33, 34)

When and why did Jesus fast? (cf. Matthew 4:1-11; Luke 4:1-13)

When and why did Jesus take part in normal social activities? (cf. John 2:1-11; Luke 5:29-32; 14:1ff)

Were you ever so absorbed in some great adventure of the spirit that you forgot to eat?

What items in your life do you regard as expendable for the sake of Christ and his cause?

vate the ability to push the chair away from the table, lest their lives be shortened by over-eating. It has been said that we live on one-third of what we eat—the doctors live on the rest! It is just because Christianity takes a high view of the body that we must not bring into it anything that would poison or defile.

Yet we are not to imagine that the mere abstention from certain foods will fulfill religion's demands. These are of no value, says Paul, "in checking the indulgence of the flesh" (Colossians 2:23). (The Greek here can also be read, as the RSV margin has it: "are of no value, serving only to indulge the flesh.") Eating fish on Friday may be good for us if we have been gorging ourselves on roast pork, but God cannot be expected to regard this

as a substitute for doing justice, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God (Micah 6:8).

The true nature of Christian self-denial must here be noted. "If any man would come after me," said Jesus, "let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me" (Luke 9:23). It does not say that a man is to deny to himself this or that: cigarettes during Lent, beef on Friday, ice cream sodas during Holy Week. It is that a man is to deny *himself*. The Greek at this point reads "say no to himself." We may well go without certain foods or indulgences in order to have something to contribute to Church World Service, but our true obligation is to say no to the self which wants to be put first, which doesn't care what happens to the world as long as it is comfortable, which behaves as if only things mattered.

The letter to Colossians reveals that asceticism early sought to fasten itself upon the beloved community. In the later history of the church some came to feel that they were doing God service by finding ever new ways to torture themselves. They wore shirts made of horse hair, and slept on hard boards. Others thought it wrong to rest lying down and slept sitting up—sometimes three in a cell. One man, Theodore of Sykeon, who lived in the sixth and seventh centuries, spent a large part of his time in a narrow cage suspended from a rock, exposed to all weathers. Such views do not accord with the religion of the New Testament.

The Kingdom of Love

Sin is guilt and bondage and darkness. Sin is separation from God. From all that, Christ came to set us free. He has "transferred us to the kingdom of his beloved Son." This latter phrase in the Greek is, literally, "the son of his love," and that is worth preserving. God is love. The Son of God is the son of his love, sharing in his nature, partaking of his essential quality, and making him known to us.

Note also that God has already transferred us to this new and wonderful kingdom. We ordinarily think of God's kingdom as something which is yet to come, and there is no doubt that it will in the future have a glorious consummation when even the last enemy shall be destroyed. It is the teaching of the New Testament, however, that the Kingdom has already begun. It was initiated by Jesus, and in the lives of his disciples its power was manifest. For all who are willing to receive it, it is a present reality.

God has done His part. The only question is whether we are willing to open our hearts and lives to accept the free gift of His son. Colossians 2:20 puts it pointedly: "If with Christ you died to the elemental spirits of the universe, why do you live as if you still belonged to the world?" In our country we do not look with enthusiasm upon hyphenated Americans. We welcome citizens from many lands, but do not

want them to remain German-Americans, Swedish-Americans, or Anglo-Americans, but just Americans. So it is in God's Kingdom. No hyphenated citizens are wanted there, no people who profess the name of Christ but want to cling also to the habits and outlook which held them when they were in the realm of darkness. Since God has resettled us in his Kingdom we ought to live as if that were true.

The man who has been delivered from the realm of darkness into the kingdom of light is one whose "life is hid with Christ in God" (3:3). This means he must "put off the old nature with its practices" (3:9). Verses 8 and 9 of Chapter 3 list some specific evils which, associated with unregenerate human nature, are to be discarded. Verses 12-14 of Chapter 3 give, by way of contrast, the Christian virtues. By the cultivation of these, the old habits are crowded out. Verses 18-22 show how these virtues manifest themselves in the domestic scene. Verses 3:23 and 3:24 indicate that these apply to every honorable occupation.

It is the kingdom of love into which he has transferred us, and in that kingdom there can be no discrimination. "Here," says Paul (Colossians 3:11), "there cannot be Greek and Jew, circumcised and uncircumcised, barbarian, Scythian, slave, free man, but Christ is all, and in all." Paul had

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made it clear in the Galatian letter that in Christ there is no distinction even between male and female, that the elemental physical differences of our humanity are of no consequence in God's sight. Here it is made plain that other things which divide people have neither lot nor part in the kingdom of love. There cannot be Greek and Jew. So widespread was the influence of Alexander the Great that in New Testament times there were just two races, Jews and Greeks. Everybody who was not a Jew was a Greek. Racial distinction is ended in Christ's kingdom, even though his church does not seem to have found it out yet.

Distinction of birth, involving national privileges, is done away. This becomes a little more explicit when he adds that there cannot be circumcised and uncircumcised. Since Judaism was for a brief time a missionary religion, even a Greek might have been circumcised. This means that no distinctions of legal or ceremonial standing are of any consequence in God's sight. Nor can there be slave and free man. Plato had a beautifully ordered world in his philosophy, but it rested upon the belief that some would always have to be the slaves of others. But Christ wipes out that distinction, and with it all distinctions of social class or condition.

Colossians 3:11 says that in Christ there can be distinction between "barbarian, Scythian, slave, free man." Scythians, who from as far back as the time of Jeremiah, had stood for the dangerous foe from the north, had come to represent the savage. Scythians were more barbarous than the bar-

barians. Here would be a distinction based upon pride of intellect. Paul administers a rebuke to that "contemptuousness of the unlearned, which lay at the root of Gnosticism."

Andrew Jackson was a Presbyterian elder who grew up along the frontier and received very little formal education and was actually engaged in military exploits from the age of thirteen onwards. The sophisticated regarded him as extremely uncouth, and the moneyed folk said he did not belong to the class from which a President ought to come. Yet it was exactly because of these qualities that he was, in 1828, elected to the presidency. He incarnated the vigor, brusqueness, and openheartedness of the frontier. A new generation, growing up under changed social and economic conditions, despised the old world traditions and effete culture of the eastern seaboard.

It was, therefore, quite a shock to some when Harvard University chose to confer upon President Andrew Jackson the degree of Doctor of Laws. No less a personage than John Quincy Adams expressed the attitude of the privileged classes toward Jackson. "As myself an affectionate child of our alma mater," he said, "I would not be present to witness her disgrace in conferring her highest literary honors upon a barbarian who could not write a sentence of grammar and hardly could spell his own name." This latter was, of course, an exaggeration, but the whole represents the intellectual snobbishness which the Gnostics had and which Paul rebukes.

Describing in his autobiography some of the great personalities he has known, Bishop McConnell says of Harold Bosley that he "brings us to a better day because he is himself already living in it." Would our friends say of us that we were already living in the kingdom of love? As in Jesus' day (Luke 11:16) there are some who scan the sky, consult astrologers, or construct charts. In his time, signs were plentiful for those who had eyes to see: good tidings were being preached to the poor, sinful men were giving back money wrongly earned; the meek, in their own quiet way were undermining the Roman tyranny. These things *are* the kingdom of God.

People who could not discern this would not have recognized any outer signs either. Among us, too, the kingdom of God is present—in men who prefer a good conscience to worldly fortune; in kindly, thoughtful, tireless women who make us understand the lovingkindness of God; in young people who enthusiastically dedicate their lives to a great cause; in human beings who witness for the truth and show mercy and do good to their fellows. Are we among the number?

Sometimes we hold back. We know that it is right to do this and we ought to do it, but we persuade ourselves that the world isn't ready yet. The world was not ready for Christ and crucified him, but could not get rid of him. He still troubles our consciences and still points the way. But still we say the world is not ready. When was it ever ready? When will it ever be ready? Let us dare to begin!

For Discussion

Which of the evils listed in Colossians 3:8f are most apt to be associated with the soldier's life?

How does Colossians 3:23f apply to your occupation or profession?

Can a man be a Christian and retain racial prejudice?

What idea does the Gospel of John substitute for the kingdom of God? (cf. John 10:10f; 5:21; 6:27, 35)

What did George Whitefield mean when he wrote in his Journal, "They who are truly born of God carry heaven in their hearts?"

How would a stranger recognize that you were already living in Christ's kingdom?

Children still play a game which we all enjoyed when we were young. In the game of hide-and-seek, the person who is "it" has to count up to a hundred or some other number that has been agreed upon, then give a warning that he is about to begin his search. A child recently concluded her count:

"Apples, peaches, pumpkin pie, Who's not ready, holler 'I.'"

After this warning, the searcher then declares himself: "Here I come, ready or not." That is the kind of spirit we need now in our Christianity. God's will has become plain to us, but we are timid and shrinking about putting it into effect. Knowing that Christ has delivered us from darkness, let us begin to live as if it were so. "Here I come, ready or not."



A gentleman is a man who holds the door open for his wife while she carries in the groceries.

Daughter: "Why do you object to my becoming engaged. Is it because of my youth?"

Father: "Yes. He's impossible."

As the young man entered the church at a wedding, an usher asked, "Are you related to the bride or groom?"

Came the reply, "No, I'm the defeated candidate."



"... Well?"

The orderly officer received a complaint about the issue of bread.

"Soldiers should not make a fuss about trivialities, my man," he said. "If Napoleon had had that bread when he was crossing the Alps, he'd have eaten it with delight."

"Yes, sir," said the lance corporal, "but it was fresh then."

—CHRISTIAN OBSERVER



"He stutters."

The new recruit was on guard duty with specific orders to admit no car unless it bore a special tag. He stopped a tagless car carrying high brass. "Drive right through, driver," brusksly ordered the officer.

The recruit leaned down and peered at the high ranking one. "I'm new at this, sir," he apologized. "Do I shoot you or the driver?"

"I hope you don't think me too young for marriage with your daughter," said the young man anxiously.

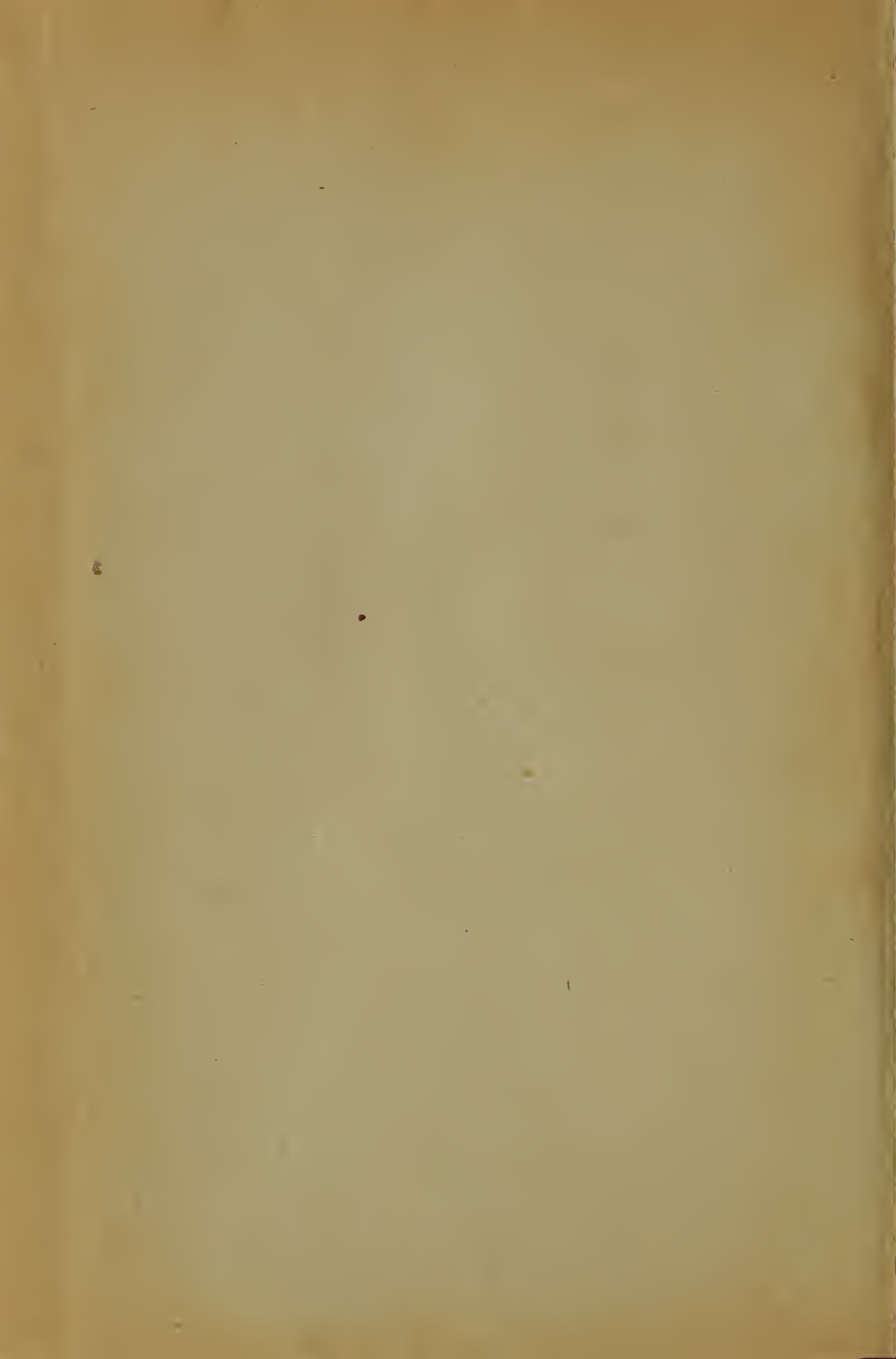
"That's all right, my boy," was the cheerful reply. "You'll age fast enough!"

—WATCHMAN EXAMINER

The Covers

These landscape photos portray the beautiful farming area in western North Carolina. The front cover is a view of a mountain valley in the vicinity of Clifton, and the back cover is the Doughton Park area along the Blue Ridge Parkway.





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